THE

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS:

A CHRISTIAN TALE.

MORAIG;

OR,

THE SEEKER FOR GOD:

A POEM.

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OF DRINKING USAGES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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PERSONS.

MEN.

METRI, *King of Utonga.*

AVORA, *King of Agala.*

ANNESLEY, *Survivor of an ancient Christian Mission, exiled to the Island of Rura, adjacent to Utonga.*

LOCKHART, *saved from Shipwreck.*

UHARA, *Chief of the District of Lehuma.*

MATIVAI, *Chief of the small Isles.*

TITI ROTO, *an old Blind Chief.*

OMAI, *High Chamberlain of Utonga.*

OROTU, *a Wild Boy.*

METU, *a Subchief of* TITIROTO'S *territory, Keeper of* METABORA'S *prison.*

WOMEN.

METABORA, *daughter of King* METRI, *Princess of Utonga.*

IDIA, *wife of* METU.

Chiefs, Subchiefs, Heralds, High Priest, Priests, Agent, Bards, Soldiers, Utongans, Agalans.

SCENE—UTONGA *and* RURA, *islands in the* SOUTH SEAS.



THE

SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LOCKHART *lying on the shore of Utonga, senseless.*

Enter OROTU *(a wild boy), who gazes on him a long time without speaking.*

Orotu. Man, man : it is a man. See, its arms and feet are like mine ; and its face, though they be leprous. Its bosom hath a strange whiteness. 'Tis dead. It hath been drowned, and the sea waves have cast it up. Oro! its eyelid trembles. It will kill me. It will kill me if I stay.

[*Glides away quickly into the thickets.*

OROTU *returns.*

Orotu. Alas! there still he lies. Ah! as I was thinking, he is like—like my brother. I cannot leave him. I could not leave my brother though they killed him, and cut him deep with knives. I cannot leave him though he should kill me.

[LOCKHART *half raises himself from the earth.* OROTU *runs away, and re-appears looking over the parapet of a high rock.*

Lockhart. Am I still on the place called earth? Methought the waves had whelmed me, and that it was all over. But here are sands and dry shore. I am yet alive. May the inmost sanctitudes of my soul thank God, that hath not delivered me over to death, but left room yet for late repentance. Nevertheless I faint. O but I am weak; my heart is sick. What wild form was that I thought I saw? a boy, with its shaggy hair covering its face: but, perhaps, I dream from weakness. Alas! I faint yet again: I die.

[*Sinks down on the ground.* OROTU *returns in a little, with bread-fruit and juice in a cocoa-nut shell.*

Orotu. It is my brother. He was older than I. They slew him, and cut deep all his flesh and limbs. He is changed; but it is my brother. See, see, it is my brother indeed. O my dearest, eat and be refreshed. They are far away that killed thee. Oro hath brought thee back. Thou art returned again, as did the son of Oro. Drink, and slake thy thirst; thou art not dead; life is yet on thine eyelids; the gods will enter into thee, and thou shalt yet stand on thy feet, and walk and run, and climb the trees and rocks, and come with me and be my friend. Eat and drink, I pray; and come to life.

[*He raises up* LOCKHART, *and pours juice into his mouth.*]

(*Sings*)—

Ope, ope again those eyes
To the clear light of day;
Return! to life arise;
With death no longer stay.

Speak, thou who art so dear,
My brother, chang'd and new:
The gods of earth and air
Will give refreshing dew,

Thy gloomy face to bathe,
And fruit and bread to eat;
And couch of grass to swathe,
And rocks a sure retreat.

Lockhart. I am alive again: but mountains and continents settle on my heart, and I cannot attain unto full life. Woe, woe, to wicked men, if hell be like this. But I feel the breeze on my temples, and am reviving.——Who art thou, O youth, that hast been thus merciful to me? Be not afraid. What art thou? Where am I? On what coast thrown? Where are thy people?

Orotu. I am not afraid of thee, for thou art my brother.

Lockhart. Dear youth, it is kind of you to call me by that name. But I am not such indeed. I come from the farthest islands of the great world. Mine eyes never beheld those shores and this sea till now. I am a stranger; my friends and kindred are far away.

Orotu. Thou art my brother: though thou beest changed, and hast a strange colour. They killed thee, and cut thee deep with knives. O my heart, they did so. And our father and mother they carried away to kill them. And I escaped and ran. They never got me. Oro kept me from them. And I live in the mountains, and never speak to men.

Lockhart. Ah! misery. Am I among cannibals? Dear boy, who are those you speak of: who are those manslayers that killed thy brother?

Orotu. Yes, they slew my brother, and would slay me: they always pursue me to slay me. But I keep away. I run up to the high peaks, where they cannot come: or I hide in the thickets, where it is impossible to see me.

Lockhart. What is the name of this place? Where is your king?

Orotu. Men came and killed the king, and all our friends; and they live in our houses. You must not stay here very long. They will be here when the sun is high. You must come away when the sun is low. I never come here; only last night I saw a great thing upon the waters.

Lockhart. My life is in thy hands: I will surely accompany thee. Where dost thou live? Lead the way, I shall follow.

Orotu. Come with me among the woods—it is far; and you must ascend the mountains; and always look round and round everywhere for fear they should come. You must watch their shadows, and see them afar off like little birds: you must see them shadowing the earth, and moving far away like flies.

Lockhart. You will teach me to watch. Where do you get food?

Orotu. Behold! thou shalt pluck the brown.

nuts clustering among the leaves, on the boughs; and drink the crystal springs bubbling up from the restless sands; and shalt taste of the delicious bread-fruit, and drink the juice of the cocoa-nut. And thou shalt bathe in the deep clear waves, and sport among the breakers in desolate places, and count the stars at night on the hill tops, and see my seat, where I look at the sun sinking into the ocean, and at the evening star—where I sit and remember my mother and my father, and think of them, and wish I were again lying on my little couch beside them, and speaking to them, and they speaking to me, and smiling on me.

Lockhart. O cruel man! dost thou gain power in all lands but to butcher and betray? Are those deep shades of innocence and peace not free from thine aggression, and the devilishness of thy ferocity?——Do those evil ones you speak of eat men? No, no, surely not.

Orotu. See, see, they come! they come! flee for your life! for your life!

Lockhart. Strange child! I see nothing—I hear nothing.

Orotu. Yes: dost thou not mark that hill side? Thou must glimmer with thine eyes, and learn to see well. These are not the darkening

of the bird's wings—it is men: how slow they seem to walk. Hark! that is not the murmur of the sea; it is the sound of the conch-shell. Come, come, come away.

Lockhart. I follow thee; but I neither see nor hear what thou speakest of.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Island of Rura.*

ANNESLEY AND METABORA.

Annesley (*receiving Metabora from her canoe*). Alas! my daughter, I know not whether to welcome you to this Patmos, or to beseech you to cease attempting the dangerous passage, or give greater cause to your father to be offended with your conduct, and to blame your opinions.

Metabora. Talk not, christian sire, of danger: I am perishing for lack of food, not for the body, but the mind; my soul hungereth for the bread of life which came down from heaven. To whom can I come but unto thee, thou hast the words——

Annesley. Hold, hold, young and dear friend; be cautious both in what you think and say. God alone hath the words of eternal life.

Metabora. I know your meaning, that you are but a man; and that God giveth all good

things, and he alone. Yes, he hath given to me through your words to know the truth, and the truth hath made me free. I come to hear from your lips more of the glorious tidings that Christ came from heaven to save sinners, of whom I am chief.

Annesley. Where is the king—what events are passing at Utonga?

Metabora. Hast thou food? hast thou water? is thy cottage secure? hast thou been sick, and who held thy head? did any come to molest thee? Fear it not; though my father be not a Christian, his orders are strait that none shall break the peace of the aged white man at Rura.

Annesley. Christian maid, my God hath supplied all my wants. I have eaten my food in peace and thankfulness. I have pressed my mossy couch, and God hath given his beloved sleep. I have wandered safe along these shores, and heard no more sound than the scream of the sea-bird, or the gentle ripple of the ocean. I have stretched my old limbs at ease under the forest shade in the noon-day heats. My morning and evening sacrifice have ascended in tranquillity to the Most High: yea, seven times a day have I made these green solitudes a temple. Thou knowest now who made those glorious

skies, this earth and ocean, and who sustains his people, and never leaves them nor forsakes them.

Metabora. Yea, in the wilderness God fed Elijah by the ravens; and in Bethsaida's desert Jesus fed five thousand men: and he gives us food and raiment, and all things richly to enjoy. Alas! my father's gods are not as our Messiah! they are no gods, but live, if they did exist, only to harm and to destroy.

Annesley. Daughter beloved, I had fondly hoped that thy father and thy nation should have left off lying vanities to worship the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent: but twenty slow and fearful years have rolled, thousands have meanwhile died and gone down to perdition. My brethren that left their homes on this mission, long since sleep in Jesus; and I am left an old, stunted, dry tree, with scarce a hope to sow the gospel seed in this land, expecting soon to breathe my last in this unprosperous wilderness, far away from christian friends, and wells of salvation.

Metabora. Hast thou not saved me, my father in Christ—poor wretched me?

Annesley. Christ hath saved thee, maiden; give him the glory.

Metabora. Ah! and is not one soul rescued from the jaws of endless woe, and introduced into the holy safety of Mount Zion, and the bright array of saints made all perfect in glory, enough for thee: a reward for which thou hast well left thy land and people, traversed a trackless ocean, and lived twenty sad years, sick with the delay of farther hope.

Annesley. Thou sayest well, Metabora: this is indeed a rich reward.

Metabora. And now hath Avora, the king of Agala, roused up old discords that have long slept in truce, and musters his hosts to battle. Hundreds of canoes swim at his call; thousands of fierce spears are sharpened when he bids: our nation seem a band of little birds, cowering while the albatross darkens the skies. And if God forgive not our idolatry, and protect us, all earthly hope is passed away. O man of peace, canst thou not wield the sword in extremity, and tell us how to defend us from destruction?

Annesley. I am stricken in years; nevertheless I will consider of this thing.

Metabora. Yea, father, consider of it; for the hour that sees Utonga and her people swept down by the battle of Agala's king, shall glare also on the peaceful recesses of Rura violated,

her white-tressed minister throttled for Avora's gods, and all human appearance of Jesus' words resting unknown and untold in this clime for a hundred generations. Yes, let this work in thy mind; and let our God guide thee, and send an inward voice to say, "This is the way, walk thou in it."

Annesley. They that use the sword shall perish with the sword; nevertheless it is said, "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

Metabora. Methinks that I would I were a man, that I might contend for my country. I seem to feel little danger; for having passed the boundary that separates spiritual death from eternal life, I appear to know no fear of death. But my life is in His hands that breathed it at first in my nostrils; and having entered into his presence by prayer, and not perished, I fear no earthly thing.

Annesley. Didst thou fear to enter into the presence of the God of peace, Metabora?

Metabora. Yea, I was all fear; every limb and nerve trembled, and every thought was terror, when I for the first time knelt with my body and my soul before Jehovah. Sin caught me, and I died. My old soul perished in the

change, and the new life was at first but as a gloomy dayspring amid a night of horror and perdition. Ah! the woes of that change: what remorse, what terrors of conscience! Satan stood before me himself, and held up my character in letters of fire and blood, and I thought that all the radiant angels of heaven could yield me not the slightest assistance; for there was the black gulf opened for me to plunge into; and a wild, endless abyss of woe within my heart, that outhelled all the tortures of Tophet. Oh! the endlessness of it! the endlessness of it!—Man of God, did not thy heart and flesh tremble when thou wert first made aware of the holiness of God's heart—the terrifying purity of the Most High?

Annesley. My dear young friend in Christ, there is much difference in the reception of the Saviour's gospel in various individuals. Some are saved as by fire; others are regenerated from the womb: some are led by the cords of love; others take the kingdom by violence. God doth shape characters, times, and circumstances, in this matter, as is agreeable to his providence. Pleased it Heaven to draw your nation to the worship of the true God, many samples of a varying influence and grace might

be plainly perceived; and one sinner's experience in being born again to Christ must not be considered the rule and order for all.——Were it necessary, which, alas! it is not, it might be part of my pastoral duty to warn converts to Christianity against looking for a peculiar line of experience in the case of all.

Metabora. O that my beloved father were saved! O Sir, Sir, dost thou not plead for my father with thy God? My beloved parent, who also loves me so well—to be divided from him through a lost eternity: the thought I cannot bear. Is there no hope, no hope? the tremblings of my soul are unütterable.

Annesley. The vision may come at last, though it tarry long. What is man, that he careth for him? for God doth what he wills in the armies of heaven, and among the natives of earth. "None can stay his hand, or say, What dost thou?" "Whom he wills he hardeneth; and hath mercy on whom he will have mercy." But the issues of life are in his hands. His command to us is to pray without ceasing; to pray for all men. While life is, there is hope. I shall not cease to bend my knees for thy father, while God gives me strength; and that continually.

Metabora. O for an answer of peace: my soul

is torn asunder by these thoughts; I mourn in secret as a dove; and long piteously for a token of good.

Annesley. Heardedst thou not of a ship from Europe; and is there any hope in that direction? In the late storm I arose at midnight, and looked across the ocean: among the driving clouds I thought I saw as the firing of cannon on the breakers, but the tempest overpowered all sound; and at morn the sea was smooth, and no new thing to be seen.

Metabora. Some of our men said they saw that night like a large house upon the waters, and that it went out of sight: but every one laughed at them.

Annesley. A house on the waters! woe's me! I should like to know more about that: speak, speak, what thou knowest.

Metabora. But what saidst thou about fire?

Annesley. This is most strange. I saw firing, but I thought it lightning: what can this be? what saidst thou about a large house? Nay, smile not, dear child, for, alas! they are all perished—sunk in the briny deep.

Metabora. Who are perished, father? Methinks thou art strangely troubled.

Annesley. I have need, Princess of Utonga—

the tidings you give me are serious: it may be an army of my countrymen are lost.

Metabora. Dost thou then believe about a house upon the waters?

Annesley. I believe. Nothing is more likely.

Metabora. Then indeed will it be true, for thy lips are not the lips of my nation: they alway regard the truth. What wouldst thou have me to do?

Annesley. Ah me! I am perplexed: if any have survived the sea, and escaped to the mountains, thy people will follow and slay them; that is, if they are sent out on the scout, with information that strangers must have come of a certainty. So that for thee to stir up a search for them might be to them certain death.

Metabora. Did you say that Christians were come? O happy, joyful hour! I'll find them myself, though it were amid the towering peaks of Lehuma, where it is thought never man trod.

Annesley. Ah me! though they were my countrymen, I could not say thou wert secure in their hands.

Metabora. Oh! let me walk with Christians; the blessed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; that lie not, that steal not, that dwell

not in obscene pollution; that meditate on God all the day.

Annesley. Daughter beloved, all my countrymen are not true Christians.

Metabora. Not true! How is that? Have they not burnt their idols, done despite to their Oros, turned to the worship of Christ, and left off to sacrifice men, and murder their own infant babes?

Annesley. Would I could say they were all good, with truth. But truth must be told. Perhaps no worse catastrophe could befal a converted people in these climes, than a shipful of my countrymen to come among them: drunkards insane—children more of the evil spirit than sons of God.

Metabora. Ah! how thou dost perplex and disappoint me, man of God: how unintelligible and dark are these thy sayings.

Annesley. Now am I this hour more bewildered than I can express. What crowds of old world remembrances rush upon me! Was this indeed a ship, and were her crew Europeans? Have they perished? are any saved? how are they to be preserved from the natives? and even after all, admit the flattering picture,—too voluptuous and desirable to prove true,—admit

it, oh! admit it,—shall their character not be such as to stand in God's way of salvation, as an obstacle and hindrance to piety, and their baneful example add yet accumulated sins to the already dark catalogue of this devoted people? Lord of heaven and earth, thou alone canst guide in these dark paths.

Metabora. Let us draw near to God.

Annesley. It is meet and our bounden duty so to do..

Annesley.

All prayer dwells in thy people's heart,
Bless'd Saviour God, for thee.

Metabora.

To every kindred grace impart;
Yea, set the nations free.

Annesley.

Teach us, who now on God do call:
Our judgments ve^r and change.

Metabora.

Great nature's Guide, so govern all,
Thine own cause to avenge.

Annesley.

Let earth and skies to save convene,
Make kind the storm and flood;

Metabora.

Let mountain peaks thy servants screen,
From feet swift to shed blood.

Annesley.

Preserve this maiden's people, Lord,
From ruthless desolation;

Metabora.

O save thy strangers from the sword,
Of those that are my nation.

Annesley.

Cause come the festal jubilee,
Whole realms to Jesus gain'd;

Metabora.

Ah! keep my father's life till he
Life ceaseless hath obtain'd.—AMEN.

Annesley. It will be necessary, Metabora, in these new and untried circumstances, that you return immediately to Utonga: that you make every inquiry as to the wreck of the large sea-house, and whether any of its inmates have been saved. It was undoubtedly one of the spacious

canoes of my country, and must have contained many men. If they trust to the mercy of your kinsmen, they may be maltreated, and even slain. Seek for them, though you should travel to the mountains for the purpose. But yet I know not how to advise you to trust yourself among them, for they may be good, and also they may be wicked, savagely wicked. But something must be done. It is a trying occasion and a fearful: but God calls for it. My crazed and aged limbs cannot undertake the toil, or gladly would I accompany thee. Be wary, be cautious;—if thou seest they are trustworthy, bring them hither instantly: it may be the protection the king affords me in this island of Rura, may be extended to them.

Metabora. Thou commandest: God calls: I obey. How my heart yearns to see those Christians. Pray for me, and for thy countrymen, O my father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—UTONGA. LOCKHART, *solus.*

Lockhart. Here am I then, on a foreign strand: all my friends and messmates gone, drowned in the raging sea. O kind hearts, brave and noble fellows! shall I never see you

more? Is it possible; Jones, Howard, Willoughby, are ye all gone for ever? I cannot believe it. I expect to see you all at every opening of the woods, and at every peep of the valleys.

O dearest friends! delightful young men! what would I give that you were restored to me! And you, gallant general, our guide in danger, our father and protector at all times. Ah! how many hearts in England shall burst in twain when the terrible news shall arrive;—and yet the news shall never arrive from this scene of desolation in the back parts of the world. No; many a father shall pore over the gazettes and shipping lists, and expect his son, and shall not find him; and many a girl shall hope, and wait, and pine for her lover, and find him only in the grave.

Ah me! and I alone am saved. Surely there is a providence that watches over me; that has nourished me on my mother's knees, and watched over me all the days of my life; and this good God have I neglected—aye, though my pious parents taught me, and bore much with me, I have ever turned my mind from deep and serious contemplations.

But we are always in the hands of the Creator,

who hath formed this lofty island and its superb shores, as well as the cultivated glebes of Great Britain. What a glorious land is here! what magnificent woods! what stupendous mountain ranges! They put me in mind of some of the passes of the Alps: there is one yonder like the majestic screen of peaks that forms the back ground of the Frith of Clyde at sunset, and there is a sweet chain that reminds me of my dear little Malvern Hills.

Nay, their timber and foliage are so vast, we have nothing like it in Europe. That strange tree-temple, which Orotu calls his house, is itself a wonder: though but one, it seems a dozen trees; separate, yet conjoined, with its branches and various stems forming a singular colonnade. Poor little Orotu! he sits there and sings, quite charmed apparently to have my company, whether I speak to him or not. Attractive, benevolent creature! a kind providence surely appointed that youth specially for my preservation. He is a most extraordinary specimen of a savage that knows no guile. I suspect he is occasionally a little out of his mind;—it might be from the agonies of terror he suffered as a child, when his people were all murdered by the present inhabitants; or that

the perfect want of human society has set his mind on another basis from that of those who enjoy social life, for his fancy works quite in a new method. Nothing can make him believe that I am aught but his brother, the son of his parents. I am tired with denying it; and it is very charming to have this generous little stranger straining his intellect at all times to be useful to me, and clasping me fondly with the grasp of a younger brother.

But after all, I am not made for this solitary life; I begin to feel it flat and tasteless now that the first flush and feeling of safety is over; I would absolutely encounter danger to be in the midst of men again: but poor little Orotu turns pale when I mention any plan of discovering myself to the natives;—he gets quite wild. No wonder he has the worst opinion of them; his terror at their very name is most natural, and his continual escapes from stragglers and hunters is extraordinary. But he has the eyes of a falcon, and the ear of a hare: he can trace a human foot through the forest by the twisting of the leaves and the flatness of the grass, and he can spy a man upon the beach when I should require a telescope to discover any object.

From what he says, I am satisfied there is a white man living on the small wooded island to windward, and I must try to get thither though at every risk. Yet how can I leave Orotu, who so loves me, and has preserved my life? Nay, he has some story or fancy of the Princess of Utonga visiting the ancient white Christian, and having become herself of his religion. This would be strange indeed.

Orotu, however, is long of coming: he heard me say I loved to eat the fruit of the palm-tree, and he has gone to a distant valley to procure some for me.

But hist! the natives are upon me;—sure I saw a figure behind those bushes.

[*Retires into a thicket.*

Enter METABORA.

Metabora. Weary, weary, weary. Nearly two moons have gone, and I have tracked and traced many a glen, ravine, dingle, and dell, and no sight of these strangers: nevertheless the mountains are vast, they are many; and the woods are wide and perplexed: they may lurk in some valley, or by some peak anear the stars.

[LOCKHART *discovers himself.*

Stand back, European! for I know you by your complexion to be such.

[*Draws a weapon.*

See, this is barbed, and poisoned: the smallest puncture in thy white skin would kill thee in an hour: whereupon hold off, for I may not trust thee too suddenly.

Lockhart. Illustrious woman! fear no harm from a poor shipwrecked man, who has escaped the fury of the tempest with but his life. I cannot hurt thee, nor would I if I could.

Metabora. Art thou a christian man? tell me that first: or dost thou worship idols?

Lockhart. I worship not idols: would I could say I am a true Christian.

Metabora. Ho, ho! there it is. Annesley said right. O my God, should I slay this European who acknowledges he is no Christian! Yet he is honest; he confesses; and does not treacherously pretend to be a Christian. Hast thou slain thy children, European: do their young spirits rise in judgment in thy conscience, or will those cherubs judge thee at the last day?

Lockhart. Princess, I have not slain children.

Metabora. Ha! princess: how, dost thou

know me then? Strange; how knowest thou that I am the king's daughter?

Lockhart. High-minded woman! I believe that thou art princess, that thy father is king and bears rule in this realm; and I deem moreover that thou art spiritually a daughter of the King of kings.

Metabora. 'Tis well said. But whence springs this man's surprising knowledge, seeing none have informed him of these things? Art thou a prophet in thy country?

Lockhart. Lady, I am no prophet. But one hath hinted such things to me, and I have supposed the rest. And I judge that there is another white man on the island of Rura. Would, oh would I were there!

Metabora. This surely is very unaccountable. Thou couldst not have known this except from some of our people. None of these have seen thee; thou hast avoided and shunned them all, and well for thee thou didst so. Who, therefore, hath informed thee?

Lockhart. It was a friend, but I name him not, nor say whether he treadeth the earth, or wings the air, or skims the sea.

Metabora. Now was Annesley right: behold how treacherous he is; he will not tell how he

obtained this knowledge. Knowest thou not that with a single word I could loose thousands of those upon thy track who would hound thee to death? Nay, I could slay thee on the moment with my own arm. Beware then of withholding from me what I wish to know; it will be well for thee that thou do so: yea, it may yield thee great help; for indeed thou pleasest me well, and I would I could love thee.

Lockhart. Love me, lady! For love I require in my straits, and not hatred. Love seeks out pretexts for pity, but hatred turns all to bitterness.

Metabora. Tell me, then, all that is in thine heart, all that thou knowest, or thou shalt certainly be slain. Who told thee the things thou hast related?

Lockhart. I feel for his life that told me; yet if I must, let me die before a hair of his head be injured.

Metabora. Fear not: once I believed that the spirits of the woods, of the breezes, and of the fountains, told such things as these; but now I know that these are nothing, less than nothing, and vanity.

Lockhart. Swear that he who revealed these things to me shall not die.

Metabora. It is written, "Swear not at all, but let your yea be yea, your nay, nay." I am a Christian: he shall not die.

Lockhart. Princess, I confide in thy truth. The name of him you seek to know is Orotu; he is a youth, born of those who occupied this land before Metris' troops possessed it. From him I have received all I know of you or yours. He is my preserver and benefactor. Slay me, lady, but let not the boy be pursued.

[*Bares his breast, and kneels.*

Metabora. O man, man, didst thou know me, it is the last thing in my heart to do thee harm. Ah! I have desired to live with Christians. My soul is sick of heathenism and treachery, and cruelty and blood. I have dreamt of thee, and sought thee these moons; I have strayed from my people for thy sake; I have wandered in search of thee through all the regions;—I have found thee; and behold thou art not a Christian—thine own lips confess it. Nevertheless I cannot slay thee; I have that within me that would save thee from the wrath of man, that would cherish and solace thee, and give thee peace.

Lockhart. Dearest lady, I may yet be a true

Christian;—thou wast not always such. Who taught thee to leave off serving idols to worship the only living and true God? Some man was appointed of heaven for the purpose: bring me to him also, O my sister!

Metabora. Hold up thy right hand to heaven, and say that thou wilt not harm me;—nevertheless swear not.

Lockhart. I declare solemnly that I will not harm the Princess of Utonga, but while in her father's islands will preserve and serve her to the utmost of my power; and I pray heaven to strengthen me in this undertaking.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Metabora. Know then, O man, that I have put myself under the shadow of thy truth. Let us go to Rura; henceforth let all mistrust be at an end.

[*Breaks the dart, and throws it from her.*

Lockhart. But Orotu, Orotu! my preserver! my benefactor! my charming boy! what shall become of him? can we not bring him along with us?

Metabora. Both of our lives are at the time in fearful jeopardy. Talk not of it, we must

leave him; God will preserve him as he did Ismael, in the desolations of Arabia, though his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. Come, let us forward, for we do but trifle, and every moment is precious.

Lockhart. I follow you for life, or for death.

[*A conch-shell sounds, and noise of voices is heard.*

Metabora. Away into the thicket; cower down, keep close; my own people are now my most deadly enemy, if they saw thee with me.

[LOCKHART *escapes.*

Enter a group of natives. On seeing the Princess they form into a line, and kneel on the ground.

Metabora. Peace be to you, my friends!

Chorus of Natives. All hail to the sacred daughter of the king! Hail to the issue of the immortal gods!

Metabora, advancing, puts her hand on the head of the leader of the band.—Peace be to you, my children! Whither wend ye, little ones?

Leader. We go to the inner valleys for large supplies of bread-fruit, for flowers to deck the temples, and for red feathers to propitiate Oro;

for the conch of war hath sounded, and it echoes through all our shores.

Chorus sing.

We note thy words, thou royal maid,
For thy mandates are obeyed;
Since thou art hallow'd child of heaven,
Awful gifts to thee are given.
What thou touchest, see, behold!
Straight becomes a gem of gold:
Disease flies from thee, health doth gleam
From thine eyes with glistening beam.
Great are Metri, Metabora,
They shall slay the fiend Avora,
And in Agala shall reign
Even till Oro come again.

[*Exit band of Natives.*

Metabora (*to Lockhart.*)

Come now, away, away,
Tread stealthily, and pray.

[*Exeunt.*

A pause of some time. Orotu springs into the place.

Orotu. Woe! woe! woe; my brother, delivered into the hands of the enemy;—lost, ruined, and slain!

I saw them from the top of the mountain, and I flew to save him;—but he is gone,

betrayed into the hands of women. They slay their own children—they strangle, they mangle them; they gaze and laugh on their young blood. What will they do to thee, O my brother!

Is there no power in the clouds to succour the gentle and the righteous? Thou, Oro, god of my fathers, dost only help the wicked who slay men to thee, and glut themselves in war. O earth, sea, stars and sun! is there not another God more powerful and more just than Oro, to snatch my brother from the jaws of death? Woe, woe, woe, woe!

[*Rushes out swiftly.*

SCENE IV.—*Island of Rura.*

Discovered METABORA, ANNESLEY, LOCKHART.

Annesley. And thou thinkest none have been saved but thee from this mournful shipwreck. Heaven's will be done! but it is fearful to think of five hundred souls suddenly perished; and who knows their state before God?

Lockhart. I have no reason, dear Sir, to believe that even one, a single one, was saved but myself on that dreadful night. I stuck hard to a piece of the wreck, and was many

hours among the stupendous waves; my sight, memory and faculties failed at the last, and I must have been thrown ashore senseless; for when I came to myself some one supported me, and poured juice into my lips. I looked and saw a new and extraordinary figure, and it was my beloved Orotu, bringing me from death into life.

Annesley. By your report this must be a singular and incomparable creature. I had not known that any of the original inhabitants had escaped the total massacre that was enjoined by the priests of Metri's nation. It is a very extraordinary circumstance this child being preserved;—it seems a special providence.

Lockhart. His foot has the swiftness of the roe: his vision is truly remarkable; he is ever on the watch, and the extensive solitudes of the woods and mountains favour his retreat.

Metabora. He hath been seen at distance.

Lockhart. His hair hath never been polled; it is bushy, and envelopes even his waist; the roots are dark, but the tips are of a yellow tinge, blanched by the air and sun.

Annesley. Would he were with me in Rura: what would I give to teach this gentle savage the nurture of the God that made him, and has, though unseen, preserved him!

Lockhart. By fitful starts his countenance will assume that settled pure melancholy that is only to be found in a convalescent maniac: but in general his face expresses all the salient mirthfulness that glistens and revels in the nursery of healthful childhood.

Metabora. But now, ye men, ye Christians, whose bowels yearn for that boy: what is to be done for a whole nation, for thousand thousands? Behold they perish. They bow to idols. They burn, slay, destroy; evil is with them, and that continually. Their gods, their priests, teach them evil alone: how can they know good, seeing they have never understood it: and that hell hath thrown a murky veil over them to fascinate them; and to make pollution, treachery, murder, bright and beautiful in their sight?

Annesley. Yes, indeed, indeed: there is the question, the question; what is to be done for this great nation?

Lockhart. I heard of you and your friends when I was a boy, as having gone to the farther ends of the world on the mission of eternal peace. But no tidings having come of you for many years, the remembrance of the benevolent expedition had faded from the memory of man.

Annesley. Yes; years and years have rolled away since we for ever parted with our native land, and crossed the world with hearts full of hope, that by our feeble hands safety and salvation should be planted in these remote isles of the sea; but it has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to withhold his protecting power from our mission: doubtless on account of our own grievous sins, as well as to fulfil the measure of the iniquity of those to whom we were sent. All my dear and pious brethren have died in this wilderness; I alone am escaped: and I am put to silence here, unless I preach to the rocks and the trees; for to those of the natives who should listen to my voice in Utonga, it is instant death. The king's daughter alone hath gained a precarious and reluctant permission to communicate with my solitude: and even to her it is perilous to company with the ancient white-haired Christian.

Lockhart. I am unworthy to join in so holy an enterprise: I have long neglected the ways of Jehovah. Nevertheless, I would desire to walk in his paths, and to suffer for his cause: yea, to perish for the meek and lowly Saviour, were such his will.

Metabora. Hear it, O ye rocks and ye trees!

Confirm it, ye highest Heavens, and the Maker of them.

Lockhart. My dearest mother taught me from the Bible; but I have despised her lessons. I am unlearned. I have been a soldier from my youth, and have lacked opportunities of devotional knowledge.

Metabora. A soldier! what's that? Is it a warrior? All are warriors here, horrid warriors. Would he had been something else; I could scarcely love a warrior.

Annesley. Here seem now the leadings of Providence. A powerful king of a neighbouring people menaces Utonga with war. As residing in the dominions of Metri, and supposing you under the protection of his government, it is not unlawful for you to obey his reasonable commands: defensive war I believe to be permitted. I believe that the cause of Utonga is good and just, and that you may legitimately take arms on her side. Your knowledge of the art of war may be put to the best account in this predicament: and though the natives here are demi-savages, you will be surprised at the regularity and system of their battle, and the precision of their military tactics. But more than all, what may seem

very strange, the poop and quarter-deck of your ship ——

Lockhart. Nay now, dear sir, what are you going to say about that; what can be known about them?

Annesley. I say, these have been found close wedged among the breakers.

Lockhart. Well, any thing after that!

Annesley. Further, a large lot of European muskets and small cannons have been recovered and landed: but, above all, a considerable quantity of gunpowder in cases hermetically sealed has been saved. I have sent the most urgent cautions to Metri, to prevent fire from having any access to these: and he promises implicit obedience to my request; the more so, that he is anxious to have my assistance in using this European artillery.

Lockhart. All this seems very extraordinary indeed: and I grant it is not discouraging.

Metabora. See now, the Lord puts it into this man's heart to befriend us when we are among deep waters. Joy, joy! Did not I pray for it? Did I not? O God, save my people. Even so, amen.

Annesley. I think it will be best, all things considered, that you should preserve your

solitude: the woods in this neighbourhood, so wide and entangled, are in the mean time a safe retreat. Metabora will secretly suggest to her father that I have the means of providing a warrior who understands the use of fire-arms, and can be of the highest importance to him at this crisis. I trust it will be no difficult matter to make the arrangement to introduce you to the chiefs and people. If the king is determined he can insure your safety; and all things look well. Nay, if the king of Agala prevails, it is most likely that we shall all perish, as well as the greater part of every human being in Utonga that has the breath of life: for such is their exterminating mode of warfare in climes where Satan holds his seat. If all succeeds; if Agala is repulsed, then it may be the Utongans and their king shall, in reward for your assistance, once more allow my mouth to be opened, and the gospel of peace to be published in these unhappy realms.

Lockhart. Though in the general case, I should shrink from foreign and mercenary service, still I see no objection to these proposals; indeed no other course seems practicable: we are hemmed with difficulties on all sides. But my soul yearns for my young

deliverer. What shall be done with my darling Orotu? Could not he be saved and allured to come hither?

Metabora. Whist: be silent for that boy. I have one, one only, I can trust. She is the daughter of my nurse. She would wound all her breast with sharks' teeth for my sake; she would drag her soul forth of her body for me. Would she not, for my sake, dive into the boiling red of Lehuma in the crater among the clouds of the sky? She would. Wherefore I shall teach her to mind that boy secretly: she shall carry food to his haunts, till better days come; she shall subtilely turn the hunters from his paths; only trust to me. Nevertheless, I go to my father, as ye have directed.

Annesley. Go, and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Utongans discovered preparing their weapons for the Agqlan invasion.*

1st Utongan. A plague upon this flint, it will not fit the shaft all I can do. Lend me a hand, neighbour.

2d Utongan. Friendship begins at home: who would help one of Uhara's begrimed scullions?

1st Utongan. Saucy man of the small isles;

thou remnant, thou appendage. I care not a pebble for thee. I shall help myself before I ask thee again. See how my weapon fits now; it will split Avora's head in a dozen fragments.

2d Utongan. Avora: and when shalt thou or thy chief come near Avora? thou wilt as soon jump into the crater.

1st Utongan. See Avora? we shall see him before any one else. Is not our post the vanguard? In all battles, skirmishes, sieges, assaults, sallies, Lehuma's is the vanguard; thou whelk, thou limpet. Leave Avora to me. I shall do for him. I shall make empty the throne of Agala. I shall create vacancies. I shall.

3d Utongan. Holloa! look at me, brothers: how does the red paint do? Look at me, rogues, and tremble every inch of you.

2d Utongan. Tremble! thou art like a scuttle fish; thou wilt foul the waters, and hide thyself from the sharks. Tremble, to be sure.

1st Utongan. Wretches, look now at this spear. See how it turns on its axis: take care of yourselves, thieves! See, it is five times as long as my arm. Oro! how I shall penetrate

them. If all the Agalans were in one rank, it would drill through every liver of them.

3d Utongan. Thou bragging slave! after all it will only serve to skewer a few urchins upon after the battle, and those of the tinyest.

1st Utongan. Well, it will do for that too. Metri, it would hold a dozen brats of Agala, six before and six behind.

2d Utongan. See now my faulchion: how it will cleave, split, and shiver in pieces. Why, it would divide a shark's head at a blow.

3d Utongan. Oh! that we were at the work. Oh! that we were at it, tooth and nail, hand and foot. Hurrah! for it.

Sings.

Hurrah! now for the glorious fight,
Stem it iron men of might.
Foot to foot with foeman stand;
Smite off his head with quivering hand.
His stubborn bones for fish-hooks part,
Cull his liver and his heart.
But if baffled, but if stopt,
If thy hands by foeman lopp'd;
Spring at his weasand, at his throat,
In doom of both, be shame forgot. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The royal residence at Utonga. Outer apartment.*

OMAI, *the Chamberlain, and to him enter* METABORA.

Metabora. Faithful Omai, I would speak with thy master a few moments.

Omai. The king, madam, is at his devotions, and must not be disturbed: his heart is sorely perplexed with this threatened war. He is very sad; and somewhat fractious, to tell the truth. Could you relieve his mind, and sweeten his temper, it would be well.

Metabora. Alas! if learned counsellors cannot bring affairs into safety, what can a poor maiden do?

Omai. I do think these same counsellors make things worse. They insist upon resisting the force of Agala; and yet so factious and infatuated are they in their party purposes, that they refuse to listen to any proposal for obtaining the assistance of your European friend at Rura.

Metabora. This seems very inconsistent. Then is my father pulled two ways.

Omai. He is pulled to every point of the rim

of heaven. That furious old blind man is the worst of all.

Metabora. Titiroto? It would take a whole nation to stand against that ancient maniac.

Omai. It would have been well, after the last rebellion, if thy father had ordered his tongue to have been cut out, as well as his day-lights stopped: we should have had some peace in that case.

Metabora. Alas! what it is to be a king!

Omai. Aye, dear madam, and I trust you will find some day what it is to be a queen.

Metabora. Come, no treason, good chamberlain; beware. But it may be that Avora will put an end to all our difficulties on that head, by carrying our crown and its appendages to his own chamber at Agala.

Omai. Aye; and it may be our princess too. She would suit very well to reign at Agala in summer, and at Utonga in winter.

Metabora. Heigh ho! my heart is sad. So then thou dost approve of this plan of making effectual the European arms?

Omai. I do. My grandfather remembered Tuti* being here; his canoe was larger than the palace, and his metal tubes roared a thou-

* Captain Cook, so called by the natives.

sand times louder than the mouth of Lehuma; and could break into pieces mountains, much more sweep away a few two-legged animals.

Metabora. Dear Omai, wert thou but serious and safe, I could trust a secret with thee.

Omai. Sweet princess; I have had all the primary secrets of Utonga committed to me for above thirty years, and I have hidden most of them so deep in the gullet of my memory, in order to be safe with them, that nine-tenths of the lot I have forgotten altogether.

Metabora. Well, but thou must not forget what I shall tell thee.

Omai. That will depend upon its memorable nature. Your old grandmother, Queen Folia, told me once how many lovers she had had, how many husbands she had buried, and how many children she had planted quick in the earth, save the mark! with her own hands too; and in an hour and a quarter the whole history slipt down my throat like an oyster, irreclaimable by any fair means.

Metabora. Omai, Omai, how canst thou speak so lightly of such things? But you promise then to keep my secret?

Omai. Well, if it be not very troublesome to cage, I will.

Metabora. Now then, are you prepared? How unwilling I am!

Omai. I hope it won't fly away suddenly, or try to escape.

Metabora. Omai; a young European has been saved from the late shipwreck, and he is with the Christian pastor at Rura.

Omai. Sacred princess! speak not so loud. Utonga, my hair stands on end! Thou hast not surely seen him and spoken with him? Hast thou no mercy on thyself? No, no, you have not been so reckless. See what a chafe you have put me into.

Metabora. I have both seen him, chamberlain, spoken with him, arranged for his assistance against Avora, and am now on an embassy to the king on the subject.

Omai. Then is all perished almost! and I having heard this thing have my head in my hand.

Metabora. But why? none else besides thee knoweth it, and the ancient man of Rura. Wilt thou stand by me, then?

Omai. Forgive me, great princess; but I lack breath to speak. This has been a most rash proceeding; it is impossible to see how such a thing as this will end;—what with your

father's scruples about Annesley, and your changing your own religion, the rage of the chiefs that the old Christian is suffered to live, their jealousy of yourself, the fear of Avora, the smallness of our strength, and another white Christian come to crown all—these things make it more difficult for a man to breathe amid the whole medley, than for the crows to timber their nests in the crater during an explosion of burning precipices.

Metabora. Well, but the deed is done; we must now go on; there is no retreat.

Omai. Ay, ay; but I must bear the brunt of all this wrath. Well, well, I shall just hint to thy father that he had better speak with thee. Women must have their way.

Metabora. Yes, yes, that is the nature of things.

Omai. But how shall I smooth it to the king? he will start from his knees; he will roar like twenty cataracts; he will foam at the mouth; he will be worse than Titiroto, or the breakers.

Metabora. What dost thou fear? a man, and afraid? Ha, ha!

Omai. She is laughing and befooling me now. Hark! Metri has arisen. Now is the time, since it must be done; now is the time.

[*Exit.*

Metabora. My heart trembles. That man is naturally gay; but this is serious work. I thought I had no fear. But if my father should misapprehend or mistake, what would happen? Alas for me and for Annesley! and for that stranger too; may his life be preserved! On his single fate the destiny of Utonga seems to depend;—how important is his safety! and then he is so gentle and handsome. But now, my heart, think no more of these things at present; the crisis that affects millions is before me.

Notwithstanding, think thou of me, O stranger! when I am on this dreadful service; ay, think of me always. I would I were ever in thy thoughts; as I am sure, I cannot tell how, thine image is at all times before my eyes since the first moment I saw thee; for thou art not what I expected to see, a lank leprous carcase—nay, but thou art straight and tall, almost as brown as I am. Ah me! thou wouldst do very well for a king. That Orotu, forsooth! Would it had been I that found him senseless on the shore!

Folding doors being thrown wide, METRI *is discovered, seated on a couch;* METABORA *enters,*
He puts his hand on her shoulder,
her brow.

King. Bless thee, O my daughter! what is thy request? speak, for I am not without full employment in these troublous days.

Metabora. I trust, parent honoured and beloved, that I have that with me which will soothe thy sorrows and relieve thy cares. The Christian pastor at Rura —

King. Nothing from that quarter can bring good—nothing: it may disturb and put things out of place, and loose all the springs of discord among us, but good it cannot effectuate, or bring to pass.

Metabora. Let not the king say so.

King. Your own apostatizing from the religion of our fathers has been a most serious disturbance to the security of the empire, Metabora; and this would have been sufficient weight upon my own mind, independent of the curse that must ever lie on you from the angry gods. Oro, grant that the whole kingdom perish not for the sin of its chief, in permitting this unheard-of conduct on the part of one of so lofty importance in the eyes of the nation as yourself; and I find the utmost danger of a general rebellion of the chiefs if that old white man be allowed to live any longer, a rebuke and foul scorn to the religion of the land. It has

been a matter of the greatest difficulty to secure his preservation till the present date; and but for your entreaties he should have been lying long ere now with a block of coral at his heels, in the bottom of the sea.

Metabora. Grace, grace! pardon, pardon! O my father!

King. Pardon; Yes, 'tis well, were our own safety preserved; but I cannot promise security for the old man a month longer.

Metabora. Ah misery! Then are all my hopes of defending the country from the inundation of Agala frustrated, perished, like the morning mists? I had thought that the assistance of an European would have been of the utmost service at the present moment.

Metabora. Yes: but what could that old dead man do against the tactics of Avora? He never learnt even the rudiments of war, and his strange sort of priesthood proscribes war in all its branches.

Metabora. Nay, a war of defence I know he approves; but the European arms, the method of producing thunder, I am persuaded he knows that.

King. Well, true to be sure; that is the only thing that can possibly keep him alive here for a moon, and that only if the chiefs can be per-

suaded that this is of importance; but they will never consent to follow the orders of a weak old Christian pastor; they will rather submit to Agala, to our complete ruin, and the extermination of our name and house.

Metabora. Father, thou knowest I have a firm heart; my God in whom I trust will protect me. I shall receive instructions from Annesley—I shall learn the dreadful art of European war—I shall disguise myself—I shall personate a young warrior.

King. When a man's daughter mocks at his calamity, befools him, and despises him, then there is an end of every thing. Metabora, I am not a fair butt of ridicule at the present bitter moment. Omai—Omai —

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Go fetch these Chiefs.

Metabora. O stay! one moment, venerated sire; say not these cutting things to thine own child, that never thought to trench on thy feelings, but would die to relieve this distress. I will confess all; I meant not what I said, but thought it might prepare thee for the rest. May the God in whom I trust preserve my righteous cause!

Father, there is a European warrior arrived—

Omai. Nay, nay, not arrived at Utonga —

King. What do you both mean? have ye also conspired against me? I say, Metabora, be explicit, be brief. I cannot wait these fooleries.

Metabora. There is such a warrior at Rura.

King. What of this, Omai? wherefore have I not known of it before?

Omai. Sacred presence! it is unknown but to those here, and to Annesley.

King. What, how, wherefore?

Omai. A man saved from the wreck of the ship; the only soul that escaped.

King. This adds confusion to confusion, heaps difficulty on difficulty.

Metabora. Nay, father, for here is the help of Utonga, and the young man has been bred a warrior.

King. The chiefs will never regard his claims.

Metabora. Yea now, father, this thing will go well. This man is a match for Avora in military affairs, and who knows the power of him who can command the lightnings?

King. Omai, are the European things all safe? is the cave free from damp, and the stone sealed?

Omai. All is safe, sacred lord: a careful list

of every article has been made, and is ready for the inspection of the council. All is secure, close, and sealed.

King. Then I will think of this matter: go fetch the chiefs. Metabora, leave me.

Metabora. I go, most venerated father and king. O be favourable to my proposals! Trust, if thou canst, in my God, and all will be well.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Council-hall. Assembly of chiefs. King* METRI, *seated on a chair of state;* OMAI, TITIROTO, UHARA, MATIVAI, *and of other chiefs a large attendance.*

King. Chiefs of Utonga, lords of the lands of the kingdom, in council united; yours are our hearty commendations.

We have caused your presence at this crisis by reason of events which are not unknown to you all. In the midst of profound peace, and on the most unjust and frivolous pretences, the king of Agala has declared war against me. He listens to no accommodation, rejects all terms of peace, demands this realm as a right of conquest, and all its districts, divisions, farms, and possessions, as a spoil to his lords. He

requires the perpetual servitude and bondage of all our people; and claims to hold the dominion and sovereignty of our realm as a fief and province of Agala, to him and to his heirs for ever.

Mighty governors of Utonga, will ye submit to these terms?

Chiefs. We will not submit.

King. For the above purpose he hath subjected his people, throughout all his dominions, to a grievous tax; he hath made a levy on the southern division of Agala of three thousand spears, with canoes, provisions, and other appurtenances corresponding; and these forces are mustering, and shall be forthcoming at no distant period. In the same manner he has levied on the eastern, northern, and western districts of his lands

Will ye find it good to oppose force to this aggression?.

Chiefs. We will oppose force to force.

King. Said I not that ye were trustworthy, and did never fail your king? wherefore confiding in your loyalty, and believing that you will resist the hateful pretences of Avora even unto death, I have, with the advice of my ministers, drawn out the following muster of

the kingdom, which I trust to your fidelity and goodwill to make effectual for our mutual defence; viz. from the district of Keva two thousand spears, with provisions and other stores corresponding; the same from each of the districts of Tismo, Lacala, and Arvo; the palace troops are fifteen hundred men, and the small islands will furnish a like number.

Wherefore, friends, is it your will to enact a levy to this effect, and lay the kingdom under a law to make it good? Speak ye your minds, guardians of Utonga. [*A pause.*

Uhara. Son of seed celestial, deduced from Oro, who is supreme! There are many who bow before thee, O lawful and undoubted monarch of these realms! but none with a heart so leal, so devoted as the dust that stands now at thy feet. Nevertheless, by the laws of the state, which never king so well administered, it is permitted to tender thee the spontaneous advice and counsel of thy chiefs, the pillars of thy kingdom; yea, they are bound and called upon to open their mouths and their hearts to the supreme governor, whenever the interests of the king and kingdom seem implicated or endangered. Pardon then, sacred object of our obedience and devotion, that we

supplicate thee to ponder thy path, and reconsider a part of past transactions; in which, methinks, by inadvertent error, none would imagine on thy part deliberate intention even to the shadow of wrong, but from oversight, thou hast undesignedly drawn a cloud of danger towards the land. Sacred father, the protection afforded to the old unbeliever at Rura —

Titiroto. Aye, indeed! speak to that—settle that before we go farther: attend to that matter, I say; there are other things besides troops and supplies to be attended to. Settle that, I say.

Uhara. When a nation has long remained and prospered under the shelter of an ancient and god-descended faith, it becomes those who hold the helm of power not only to continue themselves faithful to the creed of their fathers, but to avoid any act which even by indirect influence may seem to impeach the foundations of the national religion.

Titiroto. Hear that, ye chiefs, and thou king! the very appearance, he says, of change of our religion—the very appearance —

Uhara. But if this hold good in a general way, it must attach still more strongly to the present case, where the heretical teacher holds

views subversive of our faith entirely; for not content with his own foolish idolatry, he proceeds much greater lengths, and denounces the great and glorious Oro as no god, condemns the whole framework of our priesthood and ceremonies, and scruples not to blazen forth eternal punishments as the reward of our attachment to the fundamentals of our most holy religion and incomparable ritual.

Titiroto. Miscreant! not a moment should he live; he ought to roast on that very fire which is the gift of Oro.

Omnes. We demand an adjustment of this matter.

Uhara. I am aware there is a delicacy incident to the case. A person, a sacred one, the hope of the whole nation, god-descended, the joy of her parent and of all the earth, has had her heavenly eyes blinded with this heresy; but loth as I would be above all other men to interfere in her personal and private predilections, yet, she being as it were a queen, is the property as well as the hope and delight of the people; and her opinions, even although they were not erroneous, must bend to the general will, and to the national benefit.

King. Friends, my children, there are times

when kings are encompassed with seasons of embarrassment and perplexity; when such a mixture of hostile and contradictory steps are suggested and placed before them, as leaves scarce room for safe walking amid crossing and opposing paths. The subject propounded has been long one of earnest and anxious care on my mind. I have been no party to the influence of the new heresy on the mind of my child: unaccustomed to the details of polemical discussion, I have not been able to answer with perspicuity and effect the objections she starts to the faith of our fathers.

Titiroto. Objections! who dares object to the supremacy of Oro, and live? I have choked to death six daughters with my own hands because Oro liked it, and would else have slain me.

King. But it is not unknown to you, O chiefs! that by the ancient laws of this kingdom the heir-apparent to the throne has a certain station of supremacy, that in a measure throws her out of the subjection of even her father and her king. I cannot constitutionally interfere with the private predilections of the princess; her rights on these points have been long settled by the ancient laws of the sovereignty.

Uhara. Far be it from me to propose to

alter the stable and beneficial order of the royal succession, and the rights of the seed royal; but in such a case we have precedents, where even a king was put into confinement on the motion of the chiefs, in order to ensure the stability of the ancient land-marks of the constitution. It may be sufficient at this moment to hint that some healthy and secure station, far apart from Rura and its present foul inhabitant, would be a suitable retreat for Metabora in her existing delusion, where she might be placed under the charge and governance of some one whose stake in the welfare of the empire, and well-tried prudence, may ensure his diligence in the well-being and preservation of one whose life and conduct is of so great importance to every citizen of this mighty empire.

Omnes. This is a point of great importance.

King. Friends, there is much of truth stated by the chief of the district of Lehuma; but I am impeded and put to a stand by reason of the unexpected turn which the discussion has taken; I was unprepared for any debate but that which should be comprehended in the adjustment of plans for bringing out the mili-

tary resources of the kingdom to meet the existing crisis.

Titiroto. Aye, but we must settle grievances; this is the time for that, I say.

King. This unlooked-for question puts it almost out of my intention to bring forward what I considered as a most pressing and momentous consideration, namely, some plan to make good against our enemies the European war stores that have been saved from the late shipwreck on our coast; these amount to a large number of instruments of iron, some apparently adapted for attack either by individual files of troops or by a conjoined charge, with a variety of metal tubes; some fitted into wood, others larger, but whose precise nature and use we do not comprehend; and cases containing a black and dangerous grain, which Annesley has recommended to be kept apart from fire, as the smallest spark might create the most destructive thunder. These have been all secured and put into a place of safety, and are ready for the inspection of the chiefs. Some of our oldest men remember the white admiral who was here in former days, and they state the fearful ravages his instruments of war were adequate to make.

Titiroto. This is just leading us from grievances. Stick to these before other business.

1st Chief. Nay, brother, let us hear the king conclude his observations.

King. I was going to add that a white Christian has been saved from the wreck, and has eluded the search of the heralds, having escaped to the mountains.

Titiroto. Another white Christian! Whirlwinds, earthquake, thunder! Does he live on this island? does he live?

Uhara. Far be it from me to perplex our sovereign liege with difficulties in a period of trouble and general alarm: but this circumstance rather opens a way of removal of impediments. At our last meeting it was all but agreed that the wrath of Oro should be appeased by the sacrifice of one of human race; and of a man not of mean and ignoble station, but of high honour and illustrious nobility; and our grand difficulty was where to fix, so as to do chiefest honour to our god, and to appease his resentment in this time of trial and danger;—and now behold Oro has himself put an oblation into our hands.

King. But this is a warrior, friends: he has been represented to me as equal to out-

manœuvre the stratagems of Avora, and of his skilfullest chiefs; but above all, by his knowledge of the use of the European arms he will ensure our safety, and a decided victory over every opposing force.

Uhara. The value of the victim will enhance the sacrifice in the eyes of our god. Every priest will corroborate this asseveration: Oro will preserve us—we need no other defence.

Titiroto. Defence! who talks of fear? Oh, that mine eyes were open, old as I am I would fight Avora: I would drag him to the earth; I would pierce him through and through; my spear should go deep into the ground beyond; I would tear out his bowels; I would cut a space in his back with my faulchion; I would raise his corpse on my shoulders, thrusting my head through the aperture I had made; I would glory in carrying our enemy throughout the host; I would cry aloud; I would roar with victory and triumph: his legs should depend behind, his scalp and arms before; and my head should be crowned with the bloody heart of the old white unbeliever at Rura.

Omnes. Oro, Oro, Oro! the anger of the amazing god must be appeased; our glorious god must be honoured.

King. I am the sport of conflicting opinions: I know not where to choose.

Uhara. I propose, in order to cut short further debate, that the white warrior be apprehended and delivered over to the priests, and that, by the sacred hands of the high pontiff of the realm, he form an indebted and justly-merited expiation to our god, to allay his wrath, and propitiate his power.

Omnes. So be it done: we are all agreed.

Uhara. Will it please our king to adjourn this assembly till these holy and momentous rites be performed?

King. Lords of the soil, you have had your will on this Christian; I accede to the step because I wish to keep peace and amity among us, not because I personally approve of it. Seeing, then, that the crown yields thus far to the legislature, it is meet that some reciprocation and mutual concession be given in to. If the assembly break up at this moment, the kingdom is left unguarded; the troops are unlevied, and every thing is abandoned to a state of dangerous unpreparedness, of which Avora would well know how to take advantage. I cannot consent that the preparations for defensive war be postponed for a moment. I give

my concurrence to what you have proposed only conditionally, that the levies and other preparations are voted, so that I shall be enabled without loss of time to put the kingdom into a state of complete defence and security. This is so reasonable that I can foresee no just objections to this line of procedure.

Titiroto. Yes, but we have other grievances.

Uhara. I agree with the king. Mutual concession is good in times like these. I propose that the levy be proceeded with in the manner stated by the minister at war, and that the same become a law of the realm.

Omnes. We are agreed.

King. Thanks, friends. We shall not fail to put the power and resources committed to us to the best account, for the benefit of the empire. Wherefore do we now adjourn this assembly, O ye guardians of Utonga.

[*The assembly breaks up.*

SCENE III.—*Night. Opposite the apartment of* METABORA. *Enter* OMAI, *concealed in a cloak, with a tame bird. He hides in a thicket, setting the bird to sing. Presently* METABORA *appears at the open window to listen. The bird ceases:* OMAI *sings.*

Wake, Metris's child, from gods descended
Wake and know thy friends befriended.
Swift, the man of Rura save;
See his feet approach the grave.
And the tall white youth is given,
A present to the needy heaven,
Never more to tread the ground.
Ah! with a mistrust profound,
Beware Uhara; and beware
The cruel, wily priesthood's snare.
The stone is lumin'd by the moon,
Give what thou find'st to white men soon. [*Exit.*

METABORA *descends, and finds on the stone a pistol and a case of gunpowder, which she lifts and carries away.*
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—UHARA *and* MATIVAI, *chief of the small isles.*

Uhara. So far all is well. The fate of the two Christians is sealed;—and then for the caging of Metabora in Lehuma's tower. But

why did you not speak? I was obliged to do every thing; but you kept your mouth close.

Mativai. I am no speaker; you shall find me a better actor than a spokesman.

Uhara. The old white man was a barrier to our plot, but the young one would be a hundred times more troublesome and dangerous. Why, my chief, she would fall in love with the Christian coxcomb, and wed him for his heresy alone,—so do these religionists sacrifice life to their opinions. It is a good thing that we have Oro, on whom to bestow the leprous sinner. Oro is like a tame shark, very convenient to hand over meat to, which nobody else cares to eat.

Mativai. Then what are your orders, for our time is brief? But remember my price.

Uhara. When I am king-consort you shall be prime minister;—will that content you?

Mativai. Yea; would that merry hour were come!

Uhara. Then to the point. The moment you set eyes on the young white spark, see to it, it must be his last.

Mativai. What! in the midst of the council! It is an act of treason to lug out a bare weapon before majesty.

Uhara. No matter. What is all we are

doing but treason? You must get over these legalities, for we have no time to trifle or tamper with any thing now;—but besides, they had no right to save a victim who ought to have been stiff dead some days ago. Well then, after that, I shall propose the doing away with the old cock at Rura; which thing being disposed of, it will fall to you to disclose the scheme for the confinement of the princess in my territory.

Mativai. Confinement of the princess! must it actually be imprisonment, captivity?

Uhara. Oh! you know well enough how to express it;—the reception, not confinement. Reception, ha! ha! of the princess at Lehuma, and for measures for her reconversion to the faith of her forefathers: faith! be sure you say faith;—we must be very religious withal.

Mativai. Just so; proceed.

Uhara. Then for the appointment of your humble servant as Metabora's guardian, protector and keeper; and all these knotty points being accomplished, leave it to me whether she shall not be my lawful wife in precious few moons afterwards; that is, if Avora do not blow us all up with the breath of his nostrils. But if we find any difficulty with these

arrangements, we must, as I have often said before, renew our communications with Agala, and wait for what the chapter of accidents may turn up.

Mativai. So then this is a sketch of the proceedings: well, I shall go and explain the whole to the rest of our friends.

Uhara. Do so;—but stop a moment; that European armoury—how could we get at that? Well, never mind, I'll try some scheme myself. That cursed Omai is the most difficult point of the whole plot;—there is no moving the laughing chamberlain. Well, I shall see you by-and-bye.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A dungeon in the citadel of Utonga.* LOCKHART *is discovered sitting fettered with withes, and clogs of wood.*

Lockhart. I have spent many years amid professional dangers; I have been but lately preserved from the stifling caves of the overwhelming ocean; I have been able to elude hitherto the pursuit of the half savage race on whose land I have been thrown; but now I seem to be inclosed in the trap of fate, and no farther deliverance awaiting me.

[*Looks on his hands.*

These bands are tight, but they might with toil be undone; these clogs are heavy, yet with perseverance they might be shuffled off. But what would it avail? I am pent up in an island of the great sea, surrounded by millions of watchful beings, every one of them as bad as an executioner; so that hope is fairly, physically, forcibly excluded.

My soul! it were better thou didst turn to the consideration of the grand after-life, rather than waste the few moments that remain on

this scene, in vain efforts to prolong an earthly existence. What though it were protracted till the utmost age of man, after all it will have an end, and be but as a drop in the depth of eternity. O thou illimitable prospect! ocean without a shore! soon shall I know thee, and find myself launched on thy stupendous waters.

But I do not sufficiently feel my situation in this respect, and in the sight of the holy God, before whom revelation and truly enlightened reason tells me I am vile, and as a weak and guilty sinner;—yes, the Christian faith protests that all have sinned and come short of God's glory; and I am slow to believe this truth: yet where else is the supremacy of Christ's mission manifested, unless to seek and to save that which is really lost? Annesley tells me that I can never possess a sufficient sense of my pollution and iniquity unless the Almighty agent himself evolve the feeling in my heart, and persuade and direct my guilty conscience to flee to the blood of Christ to deliver me from the stain and leprosy of sin, from its active agency in my will, and from its eternal penalties in the future life. O that I could care more for my state, become contrite, and grateful to the Messiah the Prince, to the Lamb of

God that taketh away the sins of the world! But now is my heart like the nether millstone; I have not even the natural fear of death; I seem even to disregard the probable debasement and degradation of my frame after death, amid the bigotted and irrational barbarities inflicted here on the bodies of victims; and the dread face of eternity I remark more with a sentiment of curiosity and prying inquisition, as a grand novelty to be scrutinized, than as a practical scene, with which I am soon to be so intimately acquainted.

I pray God to give me a new heart; "and according as my day is," as say the Scriptures, "so may my strength be." Amen.

[*Draws from his bosom a pistol, looking at it.*

Yet here is, as it were, a little key of hope, which a divine Providence may have laid in my way: the weapon hath two barrels, is primed and loaded, and contains two deaths; but what is that among so many foes? Nevertheless, the sole expectation of preserved life is, that the savages may some of them possess the judgment of what a prodigious advantage they would obtain over the armies of Agala by the use

even of the stern chasers of the poor old Arethusa. Ah! if she had been left to ride upon those proud waters, what mighty deeds could science and art and enlightened skill have achieved? But these things are past; and my hopes are buried with the wreck of friends and ship many fathoms among the corals of Utonga.

[*Pause.*

Alas! I feel my thievish heart would steal a little more life from the providence of God. It were well to live, could usefulness be interlaced with being; but if not, better at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling. Still a noble opportunity seems to offer of being a general benefit to this warren, which appears to teem with human life; and though not unacquainted with some arts of society, yet is behind in what might create a mass of happiness, or retrench a world of evil. Their moral state is worse: obscenity, treachery, murder, infanticide, idolatry;—Annesley might in God's hand be the means of removing this accumulation of sin and suffering, were the gospel of peace permitted to have free course among them. What a lovely scene viewed morally, physically, and economically, might these blessed

isles of the South Sea prove, if delivered from the grasp and sovereignty of Satan, and brought under the pure dominion of Messiah the Prince!

What a luscious climate! what clear waters! noble radiant mountains! resplendent valleys! crystal atmosphere! peaceful sky! how the lustrous orb runneth his race, and couches magnificently in his gorgeous bed! Oh! the accumulated, deep and varied glories of their sunsets; while the cordial moon gently relieves the glare of day with mild beams of fervid joy unknown to pitchy European midnights.

Even the outward frame of man is lofty and majestic: all is very good but the human soul—that inward gem, of more value than millions of globes and suns. But it may be that Providence has something beneficial in reserve for the land;—aye, it may be by these hands too. I must wait the awful result of the mind of Jehovah on this signally tremendous occasion.

One thing I am sure of in these dismal circumstances of mine, the fervent prayers of Annesley and Metabora; to which tower of strength and avail may Heaven incline and hearken always!

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*The council chamber. Sitting in council* KING METRI, OMAI, UHARA, MATIVAI, TITIROTO, *and of other chiefs a large*

King. Chiefs of Utonga, lords of the lands of the kingdom, yours are our hearty commendations. We have thought it good again to assemble you, to report the progress that has followed the former enactments of this august meeting. These have all been put in force, and the kingdom hath cordially responded to our call: the strengths of Utonga have come up to the help of their king, and we shall be prepared to resist the efforts of Avora.

Nevertheless, and in order to ensure our success by the use of every means which the gods have put into our power, we have thought meet to bring yet once more before your wisdoms the case of the European weapons of war adverted to at our last meeting. A list of these has been made out, and is now before you. Several of the principal chiefs have examined the articles in question, and it has seemed good to them also that the point should meet with a due consideration, as many important consequences appear to depend upon it: and in

order that the fullest information may be had upon this weighty subject, we have ventured to postpone the sacrifice proposed at last meeting, in order that the white victim be examined before the council, and the utmost of his mind be extracted before death close his mouth for ever.

Titiroto. Anger! fury! wrath of Oro upon us for ever and ever!

Uhara. Most dread sovereign, with very unfeigned humility I submit that it is irregular to postpone the orders of the supreme council in regard to this victim;—it is beyond the prerogative of the crown to do so.

Titiroto. What more could Avora do? We may just as well be under the rule of Avora.

Omai. I think there are a variety of precedents to show that although the king may not counteract the orders of the council, yet in certain extreme cases the crown has a right, and is bound to postpone the execution of the law for at least a limited period.

Titiroto. Treason, treason, to the constitution!

Several Chiefs. We are of Omai's opinion: and besides our position is extreme; to-morrow we may have neither laws, king, nor council;—

the enemy is at hand, and universal danger is imminent. We propose that the victim be introduced, and examined.

King. Is this the sense of the great majority? Then be it so. High chamberlain, do thy duty.

[OMAI *goes out, and returns, introducing* LOCKHART *guarded.*

King. White warrior, you are brought before this council of the kingdom of Utonga to undergo examination.

[*A press forward of the chiefs being made.*

Several Voices from behind. Please it our king to cause the guards to withdraw from about the victim; we would wish to see the man more particularly.

[*The guards stand aside, leaving* LOCKHART *in the midst.*

King. Thou white man, prepare to speak the truth; we would know whence and what thou art?

Lockhart. I am a native of a distant land: my people are at peace with all the world: we have not injured your nation: I have been shipwrecked on your coasts: I am helpless—I have need of pity; but instead, you offer punishment. What evil have I done?

Omai. It were good the chiefs urged not

forward to such extremity. There is room; the prisoner may be seen by all. Please to open out, friends; stand aside from the divan.

King. Let the victim understand that it is for no crime of his own that he is to be given to Oro, but to please our dreadful god.

Lockhart. Surely he can be no god, that is pleased with the suffering of men.

Titiroto. Away with him! slay him out of hand:—behold! he blasphemes our god!

[UHARA *puts his hand on his sword, and makes significant gestures to* MATIVAI, *chief of the small isles.*

King. As the council has enacted your execution in the way that has already been communicated to you, the king can afford you ultimately no mercy; but you must explain to us the methods of European warfare, and the use of the instruments saved from the wreck of the ship.

Lockhart. Truly I should be a wise man to do such a thing. Where would be my reward for bestowing on you such a prize? my requital is to be sacrificed to a demon. Good king of the Utongans, my secret shall perish with me.

[*Murmurs of disapprobation, and also of approbation among the chiefs.* UHARA *makes violent signs to* MATIVAI.

King. Christian, be not rash on this point: it may be to thy good if thou make a clean breast.

Lockhart. Nay, nay, mock me not, sovereign lord of this people. But, pleased it the council to save my life, I could unfold such a communication as would enlighten the eyes of the Utongans, and establish their security from Agala—aye, and their dominion over all their enemies.

King. We have heard of your nation. Your canoes are a hundred times larger than ours, and our old men remember the thunders of Tuti.

Lockhart. If life is spared, I engage to defend this citadel against all opposition. There is too small a quantity of arms saved from the wreck to furnish even a little section of the smallest division of your army; otherwise I could meet Avora on the shore, and defeat him long before his troops could reach the palace of Utonga.

Several Chiefs. It is an accursed thing to destroy in cold blood. The victim speaks honestly;—his life should be spared on condition of his securing such advantages for the kingdom.

[UHARA *makes violent signs to* MATIVAI *to stab* LOCKHART.

Omai. Most gracious liege, and ye chiefs of the council, hear me;—I am prepared to speak. I have made minutest inquiry into the strength of Agala, and know accurately his battle. I know our strength also; and I mean not to discourage—nay, were it not for the present crisis, I should have considered it my duty, as minister of the crown, to have concealed the comparative inefficiency of our levies, and imperfection of our stores: but as the very existence of Utonga as an independent kingdom is now at stake, I must openly make the statement, that without some foreign assistance we shall be reduced to a province of Agala, and it may be our lives forfeited to the lust of the conqueror.

[*Murmurs of disapprobation.*

Chiefs, ye know my fountains of knowledge;—ye know I have never deceived you; I am seriously therefore of opinion, that we ought not, with a rash infatuation, to put our only present source of help out of all human reach, by following out the proposed offering to Oro; but we ought to preserve the life of this European, at least for a season, in order to make his assistance effectual to our troops: I therefore

solemnly propose he be reprieved for at least six moons, on the condition of his making the fullest disclosures of the arts and sciences of his native country.

[*Murmurs of approbation, and the contrary. The chiefs for a time converse together, in groups.* UHARA *comes round, and whispers to* MATIVAI.

King. Friends, countrymen, the chamberlain hath published somewhat irregularly the real state of our resources: we approve of his having done so, though such is contrary to the usual practice of the executive. We further confirm his words, and request your deliberate consideration of his proposal.

[*A pause.* UHARA *urges* MATIVAI, *apart.*

Several Voices. We would fain approve, but for the wrath of Oro.

Mativai. I can hold out no longer. What! is there not an arm to be raised for our god? Is sacred ordinance, solemn promise, and all religious sanction, to be set at nought? Is Oro himself to be deprived of his rights? I shall slay the victim with my own hands ere it come to this.

[*He unsheathes his sword, while* OMAI *seizes his arm, and stops him. Great*

uproar and confusion. UHARA *follows* MATIVAI *close behind, but does not draw.*

Omai. Chief of the small isles, remember in whose dread presence you stand;—such work is treason.

[*A struggle.* UHARA *makes room for* MATIVAI. OMAI *is thrown in the contest. With* UHARA's *contrivance, way is made for* MATIVAI *in the crowd. He advances upon* LOCKHART *with his bare weapon; who retiring some steps, draws a pistol from his bosom, levels it at* MATIVAI, *and fires.* MATIVAI *sinks down on the floor. The press of chiefs withdraws suddenly from the spot.*

A pause of some time takes place, and

King. O white warrior, what god is there in thy weapon? What hast thou done to Mativai? Speak, chief of the small isles; arise, Mativai, from the earth, and stand. What has thus ailed thee? Christian man, whose voice was that we heard? Be merciful to this people; hurt not the innocent with the guilty.

Lockhart. Behold your vassal, king! Remove

him out of the way; he is but useless lumber now. Let thy priests, let Oro, thy vaunted god, raise him from the dead.

King. Then is the chief dead? Will he not live more? surely he will live.

1st Chief (*kneeling.*) O Christian god, save us!

Lockhart. Behold, and see! Look, his arm drops lifeless when I lift it up.

King. Pray thy God, stranger, that none else be slain.

2d Chief. O Christian god, save us!

Lockhart. Come now, I am weary of my life. Since death and sacrifice is my doom, be sudden. It were better my life were swiftly taken away, than for me to remain awaiting death in the protracted torment of suspense.

King. Thou mysterious stranger, we fear to lay hands on thee.

3d Chief. O Christian god, be not angry.

Several Chiefs. Fearful man—fearful Oro—we shall all perish.

Titiroto. What is this ado? Let the sacrifice be given to Oro; let the victim be slain and burnt.

4th Chief. Silence, O Titiroto! and fear the Christian's God: thou seest not that Mativai lies speechless.

Several Voices. O fearful Christian God! O fearful Oro! be not angry—destroy us not, O Power supreme!

[*Various ejaculations from different quarters.*

Omai. Friends, countrymen, and thou king, my master,—what infatuation and ignorance is this that hath hitherto possessed us? Behold the sacrifice has now been made! Why stand ye all in astonishment and fear? See, Oro's wrath is appeased! We thought to appoint one for an oblation of highest rank, family, and station, to give transcendent satisfaction to Oro: and see, the illustrious Mativai, the noble chief of the small isles, hath been sacrificed;—Mativai lies low in death, offered by the white priest in your presence.

Several Chiefs. Behold the sacrifice! yea, a noble offering. O great Oro, accept the oblation!

King. Alas! this will not suffice.

Lockhart. Chiefs, I am no priest. I detest your worship,—I denounce Oro, and all your idols, as no gods. They were monsters of cruelty, perfidy, pollution, if they did exist; but they only live in your own misguided fancy.

The true God, that made all things, is holy, just, long-suffering, and of great mercy.

5th Chief. Fearful white man, speak not such words. The skies listen—Oro hears—we shall all perish.

Several Voices. We perish! we do perish!

Lockhart. Come, I must make short work. King Metri, thou must die after all by the hands of Avora, if thou and the chamberlain have told the truth concerning thine army and his. He will put out thine eyes, and torment thee by a slow death: he will pick the flesh from thee, and make fish-hooks of thy bones—an unendurable abasement to an Utongan. Come; thou hadst better die now, and be sepulchred as befits, and like a king.

[*Draws the pistol. The whole assembly rise, and some fall on their knees.*

1st Chief. O white man, save the king! save the king! Lo! now we promise all thou willest.

Several Voices. We promise, we promise, we promise all.

Lockhart. Who can believe your words, or trust to your promises? I fear not death;—sincerity and honesty are strangers to this

clime. How may I know that I may put my trust in you?

1st Chief. Our king will swear to it: the council will ratify with the most solemn sanctions.

Lockhart. What are oaths of wicked men but breath? Behold your assurances are as the light winds of heaven.

Several Chiefs. Have mercy on us, white Christian! have mercy on us, and on our king!

Omai. The stranger warrior may trust implicitly to these solemn engagements of the king, and this council of the kingdom, in this matter.

Lockhart. Then you most religiously declare and enact it as a law and statute of Utonga, that the edict for my execution is repealed, that my life shall be preserved.

Omnes. May it please the king this law do pass.

King. Be it as ye desire, lords of the lands of Utonga.

Lockhart. Then, O king and council, behold I am your servant! I will instruct you; I will guide you; I will accompany your battle against the legions of Agala: if you are forced to retreat, I will prepare a European battery

on the ramparts of your king's palace: I will charge myself with the command of the citadel there. But, once more, my life must be safe, and that of the ancient man at Rura. Do ye agree to all this?

Omnes. We agree.

Lockhart. Then will I pray my God for help, defence, and favour to our lawful warfare.

[*A pause.*

King. The business of this solemn assembly hath ceased, O ye guardians of Utonga.

Omai. With the leave of the king, I mention to the chiefs that the levies are all forward: the army is marshalled; the European arms and stores are on the spot, waiting the orders of the white chief.

Lockhart. King Metri, one hour will suffice to make all my arrangements. Be pleased to let a section of the most experienced warriors be marched to the palace, and the preparations shall be commenced without a moment's delay.

[*A messenger rushes into the assembly.*

Messenger. Our sovereign liege, behold Avora, Avora! The vanguard of his canoes are arrived at the farthest point of the island; the main

body are in sight, and must touch Utonga before set of sun.

King. To your posts, O chiefs of the land! Remember your possessions, your children, your wives and your fathers; and thou, white chief, remember the solemn vows thou hast taken for the preservation of Utonga.

Chiefs sing tumultuously.

Come to battle, see our spears,
Numerous, flout the starry spheres.
In phalanx fix'd, our legions stand,
Like coral girdle of our land.
Hark! warriors laugh for joy to know
They soon shall fasten on the foe.
Avora's plumes shall sweep the dust;
Cursed be all that in him trust.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*Dawn of day. A picquet in the advanced posts of the Agalan army.*

1*st Agalan.* This dreary night will never end, I think;—but yonder come the streaks of morning. Chirp away, ye winged musicians,—burst your throats with telling us that the sun approaches. Come, my masters, you're not sleepy, I suppose. I wonder when Avora will give us

a move forward in the good cause: my feet are cramped with crouching; I would stretch my legs, if it were lawful.

2d Agalan. So would I. Those lazy Utongans are precious dreamy about it: they are trying what a good sleep will do for them before they get their long sleep to-night. If old Titiroto had his eyes open, there would have been some sport ere now. There's no men among 'em now.

3d Agalan. If Titiroto had been fit for service, he would have been roaring at the door of our king's tent five hours ago. But they're depending upon this white man,—he is to blow us all up with the twist of his little finger, and the rest are not to put themselves to any trouble.

1st Agalan. All gammon! it's merely to frighten a few of the old women.

2d Agalan. Nay, but I have heard my grandfather say that old Tuti could make thunder and lightning.

1st Agalan. Thunder, but not lightning;—and what is the use of thunder without the lightning? no use at all in the world: I wouldn't mind thunder a straw, were it not for the lightning.

3d Agalan. But did not Tuti make lightning?

1st Agalan. Not a bit of it—not a bit. He made a great noise, and raised a bad smell, but that was all the harm he did.

2d Agalan. Then perhaps this leprous scum will drive us out of Utonga by dint of an evil savour?

1st Agalan. If the gods enter my weapon, I fear not King Metri and all the white men or fiends in the world;—that's my mark: the power of the gods in the weapon—that's my mark.

3d Agalan. Aye, that is it, to be sure. No white man will prevent Avora from cutting down all the bread-trees in Utonga, and making shark's-meat of the king; and moreover, of rendering me master of a dozen stout fellows, who will save me all trouble, and serve me like a gentleman for my life long.

2d Agalan. A couple would serve me, I know —more would be useless lumber: but I'll pick out the best—they shall be six feet and a half high, each Utongan of them.

1st Agalan. I don't know—I'm not sure that a fellow is the stronger of being too tall: a thick-set jockey would suit me better, I think. I have known a low squat villain that would leather half a dozen of your six-feet gentry.

2d Agalan. Avora's head! if there's not the enemy!

1st Agalan. Where, you lumber, where?

2d Agalan. See, between these leaves—beyond the Banana. I'm murdered but I saw them.

3d Agalan. Oro! it is they, it is they. Hist! captain, hist!

[*They start to their feet. The captain of the pirquet and other soldiers glide in hastily. The guard is marshalled silently behind the bushes.*

A party of the Utongans are discovered approaching on the other side, bending and advancing among the underwood.

1st Utongan. Shall we spring upon them now? we are surely near enough.

2d Utongan. My back is almost broken with this creeping. Come, have at the thieves at once.

3d Utongan. When I cry "*Utonga,*" pitch in among them pell-mell. Stop one instant: are you ready?

(*Roars.*) Utonga! Metri! Utonga!

[*They bound in among the Agalans with a war-whoop. Skirmish, with various*

success; others coming up to the support of either party. The picquet station is taken and retaken several times. Finally, the Utongans are repulsed, and the scene closes.

SCENE IV.—*Enter a part of the vanguard of the Utongan army, commanded by the High Chamberlain of the kingdom.*

Omai. Now, friends, be faithful, silent, and sure-footed;—this is all I ask. Look, we must get up to that point of the hill above the tops of the trees; at that spot I judge we shall turn Avora's flank, while the king meets him in front with our main body. Again I say, march in silence; let not the birds hear you rustling beneath. We should have been the better of an advanced guard, but have no time to halt now. Look well out in the front there, lest we make mistakes. Onward, therefore, warriors, onward.

[*They commence their march, but in a few moments the main body of the Agalans, under the immediate command of King Avora, is discovered at the other side of the glade.*

Omai. Halt: we have made the mistake. There is Avora himself. But what then, ye men of iron, did an Utongan ever turn his back upon the foe? What say ye to it, sweet hearts? we can die but once, and this is a telling occasion: we may break through them, if we try.

Soldiers. On, on, Omai: we follow to their teeth.

Omai. Then onwards it is: stem and strive for Metri, Metabora.

[*Fight. After a desperate assault and repulse, the Utongans are beaten back, and* OMAI *left slain on the ground.* LOCKHART *rushes in alone, sword in hand.*

Lockhart. To the rescue! for my friend—to the rescue! my only friend: his corpse, his corpse, were it but his corpse from these fiends. Let go! let go!

[*A struggle for the corpse of* OMAI. LOCKHART *is surrounded, and disarmed.*

Agalans (*shouting.*) The white man! the white man! the thunder and the lightnings of heaven! All is ours, the white man and the lightnings: hurrah! joy, joy. All is ours—hurrah! king! king! see it is the white man.

King Avora (*coming forward.*) Thanks, kind friends, thanks; this is indeed a prize;—thanks, from my heart's core. Utonga now is ours: the grand deed is done;—they cannot escape now. My uttermost thanks to you all, dearest children! But we must bind the sorcerer—we must secure the demon.

Agalans. Here are cords, here are withes.

[AVORA *takes from the assistants withes to bind the prisoner with his own hands: while engaged about this the boy* OROTU *suddenly springs from a thicket behind upon the king, and clasps him tight round the arms.* AVORA *entangled with the cords, falls along with* OROTU. *The warriors, alarmed at the accident to the king, leave off to hold* LOCKHART *for a moment.*

Orotu (*from the ground.*) Fly, my brother, fly; you shall escape.

[LOCKHART *escapes.* OROTU *is slain by the Agalans immediately. Scene closes.*

SCENE V.—*The battlements of the palace of the kings of Utonga, where embrasures have been constructed, and part of the cannon of the Arethusa planted; and whence a communication has been made under ground with the vacant space before the building; where a mine has been dug, and charged with gunpowder.*

[*Discovered King* METRI, *with his chiefs;* LOCKHART, UHARA, TITIROTO, *and others.*

King Metri. The gods have not hitherto favoured us. Our advanced posts have been driven in, our main body repulsed: our high chamberlain and many of our principal chiefs have been slain. The remains of the army is posted within and behind the palace; and now, white warrior, we look to thee for ultimate help in these our critical circumstances. Defer not to do; preserve us from ruin; drive the enemy from our territory;—the preservation of the white priest at Rura shall be thy reward, and the freest exercise of thy religion. What more couldst thou have but the kingdom?

Lockhart. My gratitude is due to you, king, and to my God who has brought me hitherto; nevertheless my most minute commands must

be obeyed. The mine in our front has been constructed; it has been charged with the black grain; it has been sealed with the king's seal: has no living thing had entrance since it was solemnly closed?

King Metri. No human being has had entrance; it is secret as the central caves of Lehuma.

Lockhart. Then let the whole troops be upon the alert to move forward and attack the Agalans the instant the thunder has uttered its voice. Fear not the King Avora, or his chiefs; they will have no command of their army: in a moment they shall be blown to the sky, and scattered in atoms to the winds;—the legions without leaders will be in the utmost confusion. Then let the gates be flung open at the instant; let the Utongans pour forth and complete the work of discomfiture: let them disperse their enemies; let them be pursued to the four seas that encompass Utonga. This see you do on your part; I shall attend to mine.

King Metri. All your will shall be strictly obeyed: at your signal the chiefs will retire to the portals; I myself will lead the pursuit.

Lockhart. Every thing depends on strict obedience to the orders I have given.

King Metri. Would it displease you that the bards came forward in the ordinary way? The people are unwont to make the last great effort without the usual hymns of battle. They will be the better prepared if this permission is accorded; and little time is to be lost, for the main body of Avora approaches the palace.

Lockhart. It may put the people into active preparation for the pursuit; let it be done.

[*The king gives orders to the bards, they advance to the space in front of the palace.*

Song of the Bards.

Woe to the vanquish'd crew, that droop the head,
And shun to look their country in the face;
That joyless, hopeless, have the battle fled,
And homewards glide in anguish and disgrace.

Our's the foul shame; our drooping banners shorn
Of fame, before Avora's flag recede;
The Agalans follow leisurely, and spurn
Our craven flight, and e'en disdain to speed.

Woe, woe! for Omai—woe for him whose voice
In peace was like the southern spicy gale;
In war it wax'd like the wild whirlpool's noise,
Or wroth Lehuma's mouth, the door of hell.

Hark to the orphan's wail, 'tis as the plaint
  Of sea-bird on the mournful ocean's shore;
The young ones claim their sires with fierce lament,
  But Omai and his men return no more.

The winds of heaven o'er their bed shall range,
  But they relinquish not their lowly house;
The sun shall shine and set, the moon shall change;
  They make no sign, nor swerve from their repose.

Warriors of Metri, flee to the revenge;—
  Up—wherefore do ye linger? ply your strength;
The standards of Agala shrink and cringe,
  If dread Utonga breathe on them at length.

White man! pour forth the thunder of thy land;
  Metri! swift follow in the lightning's speed;
Be as the shark that watches at the strand,
  Be as the grave that yawneth for the dead.
Let proud Avora perish on the plain,
And his throng'd legions on the pathless main.

[*Part of the main body of the Agalan army moves on to the verge of the space before the palace, and the royal banner of* AVORA *is there elevated.*

[*Two heralds march forth from the Agalan ranks, and occupy the ground before the curtain, on the rampart of which King Metri and his attendants are standing.*

1*st Herald.* Hear, ye inhabitants of Utonga! listen to the voice of the great King Avòra!

Be not deceived, thou Metri ;—wherefore dost thou sit on thy nest on high ? Descend to the dust of the earth; bend before the King of kings—before Avora.

2d Herald. See his legions swarm as the locusts: they cover the face of the whole earth; they embrace Utonga, thick as the drops of the sunny showers; they wrap round her mountains as the mists of the twilights.

1st Herald. Think not to escape, thou Metri, and ye sons of Utonga; have we not pursued you like birds, as dolphins glide after the small fishes of the sea? have we not caught you as a fowler gathers the brood into his snare? Ye are encompassed in your narrow cage; there sit ye captive till the hand of Avora shall take you.

2d Herald. Behold his palace, with its appurtenances, is like Lehuma, built up and surrounded by its hills. His walls mount up to heaven; his turrets threaten the stars, his dungeons open to receive all that breathe in Utonga.

1st Herald. Wherefore, once more, surrender yourselves, O Metri, and ye his people! let not the great king be troubled: it shall irk him to move from his place: wherefore would ye vex the conqueror, the great king of all the islands of the ocean?

King Metri. Ye heralds of Agala, servants and minions of the proud Avora! return whence ye came: we will die on our ramparts;—the sword of death is more beautiful in our eyes than the tyrant sceptre of Agala. Return with our refusal, and with ever-during defiance to him who sent you.

[*The heralds retire. The Agalans move onwards. King* AVORA *advances with his principal chiefs, and occupies the space in front of the large parapet of the palace, immediately over the mine. The troops form behind, and the whole vacant position is occupied.*

King Avora. If fools, being vanquished, will not yield, then let stubborn folly have its reward. If obdurate pride will not submit to lawful conquest, then be it bent and broken. It is in vain Metri, and ye Utongans, that ye speak swelling words: my people will scale your walls as children mount up the trees of the forest; they will gather you, and bring you to my hands as a bird and her young are brought. I will put my feet upon your neck: the women of Utonga shall tear their hair in vain; the priests of your island shall shriek, and your gods shall weep showers like the

drops of rain, but ye shall not escape from my fingers. Your divided and discoloured trunk, Metri, shall be mournful ornaments about my doors; your grim head shall occupy a bloody pinnacle of the palace of Agala: your men shall become our slaves; they shall work and weep all the day, and lie down in sorrow every night: your women shall have their marriage vows disannulled; your children shall be the sport of the boys and girls of Agala, who shall cut off their limbs as those of flies; who shall put out their eyes in derision, and divert themselves with their detestable wailings.

Up with the ladders, ye Agalans! spring like the albatross on your prey: gnash your teeth; boil up your blood to fury;—kill, pierce, and destroy. Spare not; be as the fiend god, that knoweth nothing but evil and destruction. Let your eyes swell from your head with rage;—roar, yea shriek, tear and cleave in pieces. Let your lust be sated on your enemies.

[*The Agalans set their scaling ladders. King* METRI *and his chiefs retire to the portals.* LOCKHART *is left alone on the rampart. The assault on the palace commences fiercely on all sides. The ultimate success of the Agalans is*

certain, and the doom of UTONGA *seems finally settled, when the train is fired, and the mine, immediately over which King* AVORA *and his chiefs stand, is sprung. A fearful explosion takes place, in which all in the contiguous range perish, including the King of Agala, and all his attendant lords. The utmost confusion prevails in the Agalan ranks; men rush hither and thither, not knowing what to do. The cannon on the ramparts is discharged, which increases the tumult. The principal gates of the palace are thrown open: the Utongans make a vigorous sally, and put the main body of Agala into irremediable disorder. The reserve of the Utongan troops marches up under King* METRI, *and the general flight of the Agalan army commences. After a prodigious loss and slaughter, the remainder escape in their canoes, pursued by the Utongans to the island of Agala.*

[*Scene closes.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*Palace at Utonga.*

King Metri, *solus.*

King Metri. Notwithstanding our unaccountable and miraculous success, yet after all am I oppressed out of bearing, either with the cares of myself, my family, or my people. Such is the life of a king. Drawn different ways by these overweening interests, I am sometimes brought to say, would I were bird of the air, or fish of the sea, rather than a man to guide the destiny of myriads.

Perhaps a private station would suit my temper and disposition better; but then the difficulty and danger of a public ruler descending to a private condition is great, especially where the laws of a kingdom point out a particular man or family as having the sole right or perhaps capacity to reign: and doubtless a private chief may eat his bread-fruit and banana, drink from his cocoa-nuts, sleep on the rocks all day, fish when he chooses, and dream with his eyes open upon to-morrow's bliss; but still he is a slave to his superior lord, and in

many points must offer his own crushed wishes to him like an oblation of fruit;—and then again this paramount lord is a sort of servant or slave to the king; or if not to the poor good-natured monarch himself, at least to some official placeman, having a rigid glance, and a merciless grasp: for here might is right, and the weak yield to the strong, who are inexpert in benignity.

In fact my harpies of officers reave from the poor people food, furniture, and clothes, while I know nothing of it, and yet the sport is carried on in my name. Metabora knows all about this: but how can it be helped?

I am beginning now to see that in many things the old man at Rura is correct. This last marvellous preservation has opened my eyes in a way I cannot describe. It is strange that I have been so blind, and so slow to listen to or take up instruction: I might with half an eye have seen long ago that in hundreds of things these Europeans were our superiors. It is a hard case: we are as tall as they;—it is a grinding case, disgrace and abasement; but alas! so it is. I never could get over the circumstance of one of Annesley's old companions telling me that at certain periods of the year

water became hard like stone in his country;—I could not forgive the wretch for talking such nonsense; and yet it may after all be true. I forgot to ask the white warrior if it really were so.

After all, I must admit that bad customs prevail to an enormous extent among our people here. The suppression of their infants I never could comprehend as to its benefit, or why Oro should have taken pleasure in my having slain Metabora. This usage would abide a change, and the sooner the better: and then these hateful feuds among the chiefs keep the people constantly embroiled, and we can do no good with them. It is impossible to preserve things right among the poorer classes if their superiors can set them to devour one another at the blowing of a conch-shell. There is then the perpetual lying, cheating, stealing, adultery, and every thing that leads to quarrels and bloodshed. The land is a red slaughter-house under our feet, and the spirits of the woods and the breezes seem to whisper discord in our ears continually.

Our gods know no better delight than ravage and war. Aye! there it is; Annesley always kept croaking to me about our god-system;—

he incessantly harped on that string. But how can we help our gods? they are as they are; then he says they are not. O this ocean! and those woods and skies! it is all a strange business. Suppose Oro's reign to cease,—but here's the grand difficulty. As king, I have perhaps in some respects the power to change the national religion;—but even that point is not quite clear according to our laws: much may be said on either side. After all, in point of fact, it depends on the chiefs: if they are universally against a change, no king dares to attempt it.

Yet still, how shall we adopt the various European plans, unless a change of religion is also made? The white warrior seems to side with Annesley on this point, though he is not quite so pressing: on the whole, I must confess there is much in what they say, in the preference due to a religion which produces some good; which proposes, at least, to make men kind friends to one another, instead of implacable enemies. As to a future life, these things are not so clear. If we were well off with the present, I should almost be content, and leave the next life to chance. But then how worthy and bright is the mind of man,

in comparison with the worthless body that perishes! how fascinating the knowledge of those glorious causes that bring universal good to a nation, and qualify for the avoidance of those evils that fetch in universal unhappiness and destruction! Having this, we should be better than gods. Happy Europeans! something must be done to assimilate ourselves to you.

O for an hour of my faithful Omai! these are the times when such a help is precious. I am a single mariner, in a single boat, far away on the solitary ocean. Omai! surely thou hast not left me? would that the Christian's God would restore him to life! but that were indeed impossible. So wise, yet so humble; so firm, yet so flexible; so overwhelmed with the public good, yet so happy and cheerful, and a fountain of happiness in all others;—his resource never failed,—a meet companion for a king: none but traitors have I now—none but traitors. I fear this Uhara and his gang; I'll watch them—I'll observe them attentively. This great man of Lehuma wishes to be chamberlain: he'll be king as soon. The white man shall have it, could we agree on the worship of Oro.

Yet great difficulties attend advancing him, too: the priests and the areoi would chafe about it continually, and would set up the people as well as the chiefs against the white man, notwithstanding the wonders he has done for us; but now with his assistance I could conquer Agala, and establish my kingdom over all the islands—that is, if he would agree to offensive war, and to take Oro for his god.

O chiefs, priests, areoi, and people of Utonga! the confusion, the delirium of the breakers of the wildest sea, is a burnished bay-calm compared to your disquietudes.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Island of Rura.*

METABORA, LOCKHART.

Lockhart. Princess of Utonga, I have received much kindness at your hands: it has made an indelible impression on my heart. I crave to speak with you on a subject that concerns me more deeply than all other affairs in this world.

Metabora. What strange thing can that be? Speak on, good friend, I pray thee.

Lockhart. Would I knew how to begin! Shall I say that notwithstanding the many busy scenes we have gone through together;

that although much has happened to divert and distract my mind, and disperse my thoughts hither and thither, yet one grand, principal and fascinating object has ever been before mine eyes in the multitude of the adventurous life we have all been lately leading.

Metabora. I partly almost comprehend thy meaning, white stranger; but serious business must now occupy our attention, and the cogent wants of myriads of souls.

Lockhart. True, most true: yet we are not forbidden to do that which is lawful and right for our happiness individual, all the while.

Metabora. Yes; but all personal matters ought in our case to be secondary and subsidiary to our grand duties. Heaven has placed us on a pinnacle: our light must shine for others' good and his glory.

Lockhart. I dare not counteract your position, yet the bursting secret must have vent from my breast: but great barriers prevent my divulging it;—were I a prince, and your equal, it were easier for me to speak.

Metabora. Good friend, suppose thyself a prince, then, if it will help thine utterance.

Lockhart. I was not born to such a station. In my own country I am a private citizen, and

have nothing to do with its government more than one of the common people.

Metabora. So much the worse for thy native land, unless she hath many other children like to thee.

Lockhart. Most attractive Metabora, know then that you are necessary to the happiness of my life.

Metabora. What dost thou mean? speak out, if it must be so.

Lockhart. I would always be with you; I would wish that you should never forsake me, as I would not forsake you. Fairest princess! may I ask your father that you should be mine till death should part us?

Metabora. What as thy wife? ha! ha! Perhaps thou hast wives already, or at least one;—is it not so?

Lockhart. No one hath part in this heart but thyself: thou reignest there my supreme wish, even as thy father over Utonga.

Metabora. Ha! ha! this is strange. And dost thou love me very much? It is strange: how hath it happened? Tell me again that thou lovest me.

Lockhart. I could never tire of repeating it. Yes, I do love thee more than life.

Metabora. Well, this is strange. How could this love have grown? But such things must not be talked of in the present agitated state of our affairs. Close thy breast once more: take back thy secret. If Christian peace should beam upon our land—if the glorious gospel should be accepted—if European arts and laws should be introduced and established, and barbarous rites and bloody sacrifice be abolished for ever, then we might talk of these things. But how far away are those prospects! difficulties, difficulties! Oh, may Heaven help us! And so thou lovest me;—but we must not think; we must cut off these thoughts now. Nevertheless, brave deliverer, I am not angry; look not so mournfully: see, here is our custom.

[*She takes a chaplet from her hair, and places it in* LOCKHART'S *bosom.*

Thou mayest speak of this again: see, this is thy token;—and now for our meeting with the Christian father.

[*Calls. Enter* ANNESLEY.

SCENE III.—ANNESLEY, METABORA, LOCKHART.

Metabora. Now, ye men, father and brother, to the work, to the work. God has granted us

a great deliverance: is not his finger here? Even as the Israelites were delivered from Pharaoh at the Red Sea, so have we been delivered, and our oppressors scattered to the winds of heaven. See, I pray you, the providence of God in all this matter. The white ship is brought hither—is perished all save one; he is preserved by the kindness of a savage thing —

Lockhart. Ah! darling Orotu! sweet child! he died for me,—he fell as the forest sapling. Would God I had died for him! oh, would God!

Metabora. Then are the European stores in part saved by the same Providence: it is put into the heart of Omai to befriend us; he gives us the little instrument of war. From this small matter what great things arise: destruction to Avora, and safety to the empire of Utonga in all its corners. Oh! that the universal God may have further mercy, and rescue the kingdom from the hands of demons, who yet govern with absolute sway; for it is but a light thing to be saved for a few years from the oppression of the Agalans.

Lockhart. These are facts,—the positions are true. What part I am to take in this matter

I know not: I am unlearned and unfitted to persuade masses of people.

Metabora. Cast thy bread upon the waters; it shall be found after many days. Wherefore keepest thou silence, O Christian teacher? Up! enter into the land to possess it. Is the silver trumpet of the gospel less potent than the rams'-horns that overthrew proud Jericho's towers?

Annesley. Spoken well, my daughter: thy young and buoyant faith shames the sloth and apathy of older hearts. Surely, as thou sayest, the hand of God is in all this: he gives us tokens for further good. Be it unto us according to his word; and the means must be used to bring order, mercy, civilization, and genuine piety into this land. Would that it were Christian indeed, not in name only!

Metabora. Now there—there again, my father. Oh! that it were Christian! why not indeed? If it were Christian, surely it were Christian.

Annesley. Sweet princess! Jacob's children were separated from all people, and had that glorious jewel, the knowledge of the true God; yet how often did they rebel.

Metabora. Alas! it was so. Desperately wicked is the heart of all men.

Annesley. Now all this hath God obtained for

us; namely, acquiescence of the king and chiefs that the princess be permitted, undisturbed, to adhere to the Messiah and his ordinances. Safety for the poor old man at Rura, and a similar free privilege to exercise his religion, has been accorded to the white warrior;—this is the foundation God hath as yet given, and yet also further things than these.

Metabora. Yea, many are inquiring the road to Zion; many are sighing for a deliverance from Satan's sway; but, fearing the priests, they dare not speak openly: is it not so, stranger brother?

Lockhart. Well; sundry chiefs have secretly consulted me as to a change of the national religion; but being unwilling by any rash movement of my own, unconnected with you, my friends, to endanger the progress that has been already made, I did not, though much regarded by this people, frame any proposal for a general recognisance of the Christian faith, neither did I discourage the entering on the question.

Annesley. Several influential chiefs of large territories have crossed this channel at dead of night, and raised me joyful from my wakeful couch, to consult on their eternal safety, when

time and this world shall be no more. Were my mouth permitted to be publicly opened, surely some fruit would now follow. My bowels yearn for this people; my heart crieth out for the living God in behalf of these my brethren of Utonga.

Metabora. Certainly now is the hour arrived for Jehovah to be glorified in these islands of the sea: the set time is surely come when they shall wait for his law.

Lockhart. As it is reasonable that we should make use of all accidental facilities for bringing the gospel to the hearts and consciences of the natives, I have formed and partly brought into exercise a scheme to precede, or rather to accompany Christian instruction with something like education in the arts of European life. From my youth I have addicted myself to the theory and practice of mechanics; I am not unacquainted with the use of the tools of the carpenter and shipwright;—considerable quantities of iron may be obtained by the divers from the wreck of our ship, besides cordage, utensils, and implements of various kinds. I have proposed to the king and chiefs that those articles from the frigate should be recovered; and that we should commence the building of

a vessel of some size, and also of houses, to be erected and divided after the European fashion.

At my most earnest entreaty, with some difficulty, permission has been granted for this undertaking; and those operations you perceive on the shore just opposite to this station, are the commencement of this little enterprize.

Annesley. This view of the case is of importance in every point, and to it I confess that I and my brethren formerly paid too little attention. Nothing would be so unfavourable to christian habits as the irregular, idle, listless life that the natives lead. It is of much moment to our cause that regular, systematic employment be found for the people. The springs of diligence, method, labour, and prosperity, are cut off at the source by the modes of life in which the inhabitants at present indulge;—besides, the partitioning of the dwellings is a matter of absolute necessity as regards the introduction of purity of thought and language. None can tell the pernicious results of sixty or seventy persons, of all ages and sexes, eating and sleeping in one large apartment; this system of living, considering the evil thoughts and vile affections that are openly indulged,

is itself a great barrier to the existence of good habits.

Metabora. Alas! here we have no separation into families as you have in Europe,—few of the sweet charities among parent and child, brother and sister,—no respect, love, and veneration for fathers: children are in a state of continual distance from, or even open rebellion to their parents: anger, revenge, self-indulgence, bloody strife, is the rule everywhere.

Lockhart. I find also that there is little obedience to general laws, or rather that there are scarcely any laws whereby the executive power becomes the protector of life and property. If any man is injured, he and his friends seek vengeance, not justice, for themselves. There are no magistrates to interfere and settle between man and man: the people stand apart when any are aggrieved, and allow individuals or families to do rough justice at their own hands on those who have injured them;—and this is a source of great oppression. I have found many instances of the strong laying hold of a pretended injury, merely to have a kind of legal excuse for crushing an adversary.

Annesley. They have in fact, so far as I have been able to trace, no fixed code of morals at

all. Their gods are, according to their mythology, unsusceptible of moral feeling: they are represented as punishing, not wickedness or crime, but only neglects or defects of ritual; failures in payments to the altar, that is, in gifts to the priesthood. Oro is angry for the omission of sacrifice; but he is moved with no indignation at treachery, ingratitude, theft, adultery, covetousness, and blood. Ah! how unlike the glorious purity and mercy of the one only and true God!

Metabora. Oh! my country, my country! I blush for shame: hide us from the gaze of Europeans; hide us from the face of Christians. [*Covers her face with both hands.*

Annesley. Does it seem objectionable to you that those natives who are collecting at the building station, at least those of them who incline, should cross this channel from time to time, that I might speak to them on eternal subjects?

Lockhart. This is what has struck me might be a beginning that would lead to farther results, provided it were done judiciously and very cautiously.

Metabora. Ah! yes, let it be done—let it be done; we must obey God rather than man.

I shall procure the men who shall fence and plant those gardens you have spoken about: they shall be trimmed and laid off just adjacent to the building station. We shall be all things to all men; and the land shall yet be like the garden of Eden, and in each house thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

Lockhart. How do the resolutions of the king and council precisely stand as to your publishing the gospel?

Annesley. I am interdicted from appearing at all on the island of Utonga: if found there, it would be lawful for any native instantly to put me to death. Here in Rura I am safe; and as this has been always a desert spot, I have not been formally prohibited from speaking on divine things here; but this negative kind of permission probably arises merely from the idea that none would care to come over hither to hear our tidings; a beginning therefore may be made here, without infringing on the statute laws of the kingdom.

Lockhart. That is so far well. And who are like to be our chief opponents, in case the king were brought to consent to the public preaching of the gospel?

Metabora. Uhara and Titiroto, and their

powerful party. Beware, beware of the chief of Lehuma! That man hath a soul deeper than the caves of the volcano that rages in his territory; but, unlike the crater of the burning mountain, he is, though full of destruction, noiseless.

Lockhart. I shall be wary with this lord.

Metabora. I will return to my father's house; I will fall on my knees before him; I will prostrate myself on the ground; I will urge, entreat, obtest him by every motive that can prevail with him as a man or as a sovereign, to yield his mind to the truths of the gospel, and become a Christian.

Annesley. Dear children, your zeal animates my old and feeble heart; and the prosperous providences of God illumine my soul like sunshine. I have long sat in the bleak region of disappointment and despair; but now do the rays of hope flash in all directions across the chamber of the shadow of death. Let us retire to my cottage, to consult further on these interesting and awful coincidences which the present day brings forth; and to beseech advice from Him who, if any lack wisdom, gives to them liberally, and upbraideth not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—TITIROTO, UHARA, *and two Sub-chiefs of* LEHUMA.

Uhara. The fates have been hitherto provokingly against us. Poor Mativai came briskly forward in support of old Oro's claims, and old Oro left him to destiny, which is little encouragement for any one to trust to his godship any more. For me, I shall be my own god, and take care of myself in these critical times: so then now, chiefs, listen to what I say.

Sub-chiefs. May it please you, illustrious lord, we attend your commands.

Uhara. You are aware of the grand convocation and festival of the national faith that is to be held in honour of our late victory over the Agalans: now, be ye on the alert, in the manner formerly explained to you.

You must run up and down throughout every corner of Lehuma, and bring up all my people to the feast. See to it, that they outnumber all the inhabitants of other districts,—aye, that they exceed the stars. I must be well backed by the populace, as well as by the chieftainship. It will go hard but by some means we shall get the people roused against these Christians at the convocation.

Titiroto. Aye, aye; they tell me they increase day by day: the influence of the princess and the white man, they say, is amazing. We shall be swallowed up: all the ancient landmarks of the constitution will be destroyed; all the gods of our fathers will be aggrieved and insulted, and thunderbolts be rained down upon us.

Uhara. There is little fear of that: the white man's thunder is worse than Oro's.

Titiroto. Have a care, chief of Lehuma; too much thy lightness of speech resembles the aspersions of the Christians on our ancient faith.

Uhara. Well, well, we shall not quarrel for that. I shall vote always that Oro shall be uppermost,—or, indeed, how you will in that respect: now therefore, friends, to your posts.

Sub-chiefs. We run to our duty, most excellent prince.

Titiroto. One thing remember, all of you. The person of Metabora, princess of Utonga, is sacred: she is descended from the immortal gods. Come what may, her life must be secured.

Uhara. No fear of that; it would spoil all our sport if any thing extravagant were to happen to the princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Grand convocation. An open temple. An altar, with the image of the god* ORO *in the middle. A multitude of spectators around on all sides; in the distance are seen lookers-on, seated on the summits of the surrounding hills and on the trees. A large vacant space round the altar. After some interval,*

Enter a procession of warriors, tattooed, armed with spears, the backbone of the ray-fish, swords, and other weapons; their persons also decorated in various ways. Having marched round the image once, they kneel on one knee; and the principal warrior, standing up, speaks.

Warrior. O ye people of Utonga! we meet here in praise of Metri our king, the son of the immortal gods. Great is his power, great is his glory: he hath destroyed all his enemies.

People. Oro, supreme! let the king live.

[*The voice of the multitude extends, and dies away in the distance.*

Warrior. Avora, king of the Agalans, mustered his strength. He came flying on the surface of the sea; he bounded over the breakers; his warriors were as the sand of the beach; he was himself as a shark among the mighty waters.

People. Woe unto us! woe unto our children, for the fear of Avora!

Warrior. His men covered the earth like flies; they hid the mountains from our gaze; their feathery plumes overtopped the woods, and concealed them; they cut down every green tree; they desolated the land, and made it like the barren rocks of the ocean.

People. Alas! alas! hunger, and famine, and death for Utonga!

Warrior. Our king awoke from his trance; Metri lifted up his eyelids: his brow gathered thunder; his eye shot lightnings.

People. Oh! but our king is glorious: he alone is mighty.

Warrior. He looked upon them, and they became amazed; he lifted his voice, and they scattered themselves. They threw away their spears; they leapt over ridges in escaping for their life.

People. Metri looked upon them; our king but opened his eyes.

Warrior. He called to his slaves, and behold thunder came; he waved with his hand for the forked lightning. His enemies fled before him: he drave them like the small fishes of the sea: they lay slain along the shores of Utonga. His

canoes pursued them to Agala: their blood was mixed with the salt sea brine; their dead bodies swam low amid the currents of the main.

People. Great, great is Metri our king, and his child Metabora.

[*The conch shells and cymbals sound. The people lift up their voices, and shout three several times, the noise is re-echoed by those on the high grounds around, and reverberated from the mountains. The warriors rise and take up ground in rank on the left-hand of the altar.*

Enter a procession of priests, clothed in white robes; they march twice round the altar, and kneel before it. The high-priest speaks.

High Priest.

Our children, in the faith of Oro born
Under his star in glad Utonga's isle,
Accord to Oro all his glorious debt.
Metri is great, since he is Oro's son.
Oro's is the loud thunder, and he owns
The lightning;—'tis his speedy javelin;
And who can wrest its fires from forth his grasp?
Beware, ye people, of imagining
Another God doth live that is supreme,
Or can contest him in his perch of power.
Fear those who would deceive you. Ah! beware:

For Oro form'd the mountains and the streams.
Bend unto him your spirits;—he is jealous:
Bring the full sacrifice and offering to him,
And load his altars with your choicest spoils:
Largely bestow, and that continually.
Hate the white men, and be they all accurs'd,
Would change the props and pillars of the world;
And Metri worship, as great Oro's son.
Beware of women. Slay your daughters, slay,
When awful Oro calls you to obey.

[The people kneel and beat their breasts; they wail and weep; low sounds of lamentations are heard on all sides, and falling away in the distance. Meanwhile the priests rise, and dispose themselves on the right-hand of the altar.

Enter an Areoi male and female band, decked with red sashes and fantastic ornaments. They dance three times round the altar, and prostrate them-

The Areoi sing.

Free as the songsters of the spring,
Unfetter'd as the rustling wind,
We fly like moth on golden wing,
Where we may freshest pleasure find.

Vicissitude's high charms we prize;
Sleep seldom twice under one tree;
We court all rich varieties,
New social transports day by day.

All eyes beam pleasure when we smile;
We sunshine shed on human hearts;
Celestial gods look down the while,
Led captive by our gracious arts.

Each sordid household care we scorn;
Welcom'd by all, we eat in peace;
The irksome marriage tie we spurn,
Abandon'd to each new caprice.

The bonds of nature we despise;
In vain the little infants plead:
We quench in death their noisome cries:
Stern Oro calls us to the deed.

Infatuate, and run mad for pleasure,
To churn up joy through storm or strife,
To pile up raptures without measure,
We violate the course of life.

'Gainst wrong our souls once plac'd a check;
Our heart once prompted us to right;
But now nor good nor ill we reck,
But as it forms a new delight.

From every roof we banish spleen;
Sing, mimic, dance from east to west;
To fancy spread each gorgeous scene,
And load the land with mirth and jest.

Beware the white man, who would sweep
All jollity and joy away,
And wrap each face in sadness deep,
And wring each tongue to cant and pray,

O fear dread Oro! it is death
To combat his terrific mood:
He knows not mercy, and his teeth
Still crave for butchery and blood.

For all the red in every vein
Of all that on the earth do dwell,
Would not suffice his thirst to chain,
Or satiate his hank'rings fell.

Ceaseless, ceaseless his eyelids stand;
With murder merciless they gloom:
His furnace sighs burn up a land;
Hand opes a universal tomb.

Believe not the perfidious White;
To Oro and his priesthood cling:
Beware each tongue our faith would blight;
Suspect the peasant as the king.

[*The people start up and shriek. They leap violently and tear their hair. The conch shells and cymbals pierce the air. Immense tumult and confusion pervade the whole scene to the remotest distances. Some fall on the ground, overpowered by the violence of their exercise. Others cut themselves deep with shark's jaws, and run about all bloody and screaming. Some fall down in convulsions, and utter hideous noises. Mean-*

while the Areoi band retire behind the altar.

After some time, when the tumult and noise have partially ceased, the high priest, arrayed in new and gorgeous robes, comes forth, and along with him the principal warrior and Areoi, proceeding to and standing at the front. On this movement the commotion ceases altogether, and deep silence pervades all the various concourses of the people.

High Priest. O, ye Utongans! hear the voice of Oro. It is louder than the thundering waves; it is more dangerous than the belching of the volcano from the mouth of hell. Will ye not fear our God? Ye will tremble before him, what time his anger kindles; what time his spirit boils within him. Woe, woe, eternal woe to those who would gainsay his behests. Tremble, ye whole nation. Let your lips quiver; let your hearts melt away with fear and despair. Behold Oro! he hath no mercy; he is fell and ferocious, and revelleth in destructions; his eyes are ever sharpened on the disobedient; his hand is ever stretched forth to strike the rebellious with sickness and death;

he scatters contagion and plague; the people waste and pine away before him; their lips become pallid; their ribs stand out with leanness; their eyes close in death; their flesh festers on their bones ere they can be thrust into the earth.

Worship and fall down before him: press the ground with your foreheads; search the centre of the earth with your knees. Fear and exalt his priests; bring rich offerings and oblations: this will stay the anger of Oro, and for a time appease his fury.

Worship also Metri your king: adore him, because he is the child of Oro.

Principal Warrior. Prepare to worship your king, O ye people of Utonga.

Principal Areoi. See, Oro hath entered into your king. Worship him, whole nation of the Utongans.

[*King Metri, attended by the principal chiefs of the empire, is introduced by two heralds, being clothed in a robe of red feathers, and crowned with a tiara framed of sculls of enemies slain by the king's own hand in battle. The upper part is enwreathed with cocoa-tree leaves, the emblem of royalty.*

He is seated by the heralds and attendant chiefs, with great form, on the right-hand of the image of Oro. The people throw up flowers into the air, and prostrate themselves on the ground.

The high priest and the principal warrior and Areoi stand forth in the front.

Warrior.

O monarch god, fill'd with celestial grace,
Let thy foes flee for ever from thy face;
May thine auspicious sovereignty extend
Wherever streams run down, or trees ascend.

High Priest.

Let the wild hurricane hush and be tame,
At magic mention of thy gracious name;
Let heaven's sceptre be transferr'd to earth,
To be the truncheon of thy matchless worth.



Areoi.

Laugh wildly, and sing
To thy sister the moon,
Thou glorious twin king,
With thy brother the sun.

Let the bright cloud be found
To envelope thy head;
Let flowers spring around,
And blush at thy tread.

Let commonwealths strive all
Who shall lowest adore thee;
Let love for each rival
Lie bleeding before thee.

[*The chiefs of the kingdom, priests, warriors, Areoi, and the whole assemblage and people within and without fall down on their faces.*

People. Glorious, glorious, is Metri our king. Parent of Utonga, God of the earth and sea, and of the universal heavens. Be thou lauded and adored by men, and by the land, the air and ocean, and all that live therein.

[*Further ceremonies are about being performed, when the Princess* METABORA *rushes into the midst of the assembly.*

Metabora. Father, prince, Metri! Has frenzy seized thee? Is thy raging mind absent, and has it left its seat? Infatuated monarch! madness, madness alone will palliate this. O cruel ignorance, cruel ignorance! Knowest thou not the frightful peril of that place? Descend, descend, as if from the crater of Lehuma. Come down, come down, O my father! I would kneel, I would prostrate; but they will mistake

it. But I will tear my robes, I will tear my hair.

[*The priests, chiefs, and other officials in front of the altar and throne, as if petrified with astonishment, stand aside and leave a vacant space.*

Knowest thou not, knowest thou not that the everlasting Jehovah is supreme? he who first made the heavens and the earth; and he will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images. This is He in whom we live, and move, and have our being. He existed from the unknown eternity, and will reign when sun, moon, earth, and stars are quenched for ever and for ever. Behold, the sceptre of his kingdom is an everlasting sceptre, and in righteousness will He rule all nations. Descend, O father, king, from that fearful supremacy on which awful ignorance and sin has pedestaled thee; come down, O my father, 'tis thy beloved child that calls.

Titiroto. She raves! the princess raves! let her be secured.

Uhara (seizing Metabora). The decencies of public worship must not be infringed, even by the highest authority. The princess must be put under confinement. Heralds, do your duty.

Metabora. O silent father, king: weep not for me, but for thyself. Have mercy, have mercy on thyself and on thy people: for there is but a step between all and everlasting destruction.

Titiroto. Carry her away. Touch not her life. Doth the king weep? they are tears of blood.

Uhara. Fear not for the sacred person of the future queen. My life for hers. She is frenzied. The gods protect all such.

Metabora. Ye people, ye people! children of the bowels of my soul. Avaunt ye, avaunt ye from these accursed mysteries. The earth will open and swallow you up. O fall down and prostrate yourselves before the supreme God of all the universe; but never, never before the pollution and helplessness of human dust and ashes.

[*While all the people stand aghast with wonder,* METABORA *is secured, amid the most desperate struggles, by* UHARA *and the Sub-chiefs and Warriors of Lehuma, and carried by them forcibly away.*

The whole Scene closes.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Two old men discovered, sitting in the shade.*

1st Old Man. These are strange things that are happening in our days, neighbour.

2d Old Man. Indeed they be so. But the strangest of all is the imprisonment of the princess. Well, I never expected to live to see the seed of Metri imprisoned. I wish she were clear of that Uhara. The chief of Lehuma is a deep one.

1st Old Man. Aye, you may say that. Titiroto is nothing to him, after all: she might as well have a shark playing with her, it is my opinion.

2d Old Man. What are the white folks about? Well, let 'em say as they like, had it not been for the white warrior, Avora would have had the bowels out of our king.

1st Old Man. Aye; but the priests cannot abide him. He will by no means kneel to Oro; no, though they were to give him the palace.

2d Old Man. Many a one says the white man

is right. He is for preserving old age, they say.

1*st Old Man.* That is something new, to be sure. They say he is all new;—he wishes new gods, new priests, new areoi. These are strange times.

2*d Old Man.* If they would keep the areoi and the priests out of my cottage, it would be well. I tremble night and day for my little matter of furniture.

1*st Old Man.* Well, they took every thing my brother had last moon; cut down all his bread fruit; left him nothing to sit upon or lie down upon; every thing either carried off, or marred so as to be useless. His wife cut herself to bits with sharks' teeth, and went to weep before the princess; but, alas! no Metabora was there to be found.

2*d Old Man.* It is not the fault of the princess that these things happen. Would she were queen! though I dare not say it, for fear of the priests; we have no life with them.

1*st Old Man.* Would that the priests were forth of the island! That is a quiet old man at Rura: they say, no one ever gets a bad word from him.

2*d Old Man.* Then he is not like our rabiators,

who are just thieves and robbers. No man's property is safe, and these areoi are a pestilence.

1st Old Man. That's what my brother says. He says things will never go right till the priests and areoi be banished, and we have the white man's religion.

2d Old Man. It is not safe talking this way, neighbour.

1st Old Man. No more it is. I think I hear the areoi conch; they will pass this way to-day.

2d Old Man. You don't say so. I must go and hide all my little things instantly, instantly.

[*Goes.*

1st Old Man (*following*). Well for those who have things to hide. They have reaved me of every article down to my fish-hooks, long ago: if my old wrinkled skin could have made them buskins, they had taken that too.

[*Exeunt into their cottages.*

Enter a band of Priests, Areoi, and Attendants.

1st Areoi. Holloa! you cottages. People, come forth, come forth! Fetch out your furniture, bread fruit, cocoa-nuts, sashes—gear of all kinds: out with it all in mass. Turn your

dens inside out; we will smoke you out else—we will baste you. See! torches! torches! torches! Ye had best come out.

2d Areoi. We were this way before, were we not?

1st Areoi. Yea; but there are scrapings left: that old curmudgeon, I know, has things hid, had we but time to wait and dig for them. I'll pay him a visit yet: I would sever his breath this moment with my dirk; but then the treasure would be lost, none knowing the spot but the old knave himself.

1st Priest. Good people, ye were best come forth.

Enter Old Men, and kneel on their knees.

1st Old Man. Sweet sirs! we are slaves to you and Oro. May your journey prosper; may the land ever smile upon you.

1st Areoi. Ye vile, old, useless, inanimate, wrinkled, thrice dried, sightless, senseless scarecrows,—disgorge, I say, disgorge. What! must we draw? what! must we cut your weasands?

2d Old Man. O mercy! mercy! gracious lords; all we have is yours; but all we have in the wide world has been taken from us. Would we had a palace full of goods, it should

be yours, ye servants of the mighty Oro! Yes! yes! all should be yours: yes, yes, all—all—yes.

2d Priest. Come, now, these wretches have nothing. Why did you fetch us this way? This is just like your miserable manner of doing business. We might have carried off ten back-loads of Metabora's things by this time. This is always your way. Come, set on.

1st Old Man. Oh! may ye be preserved, gracious kings!

Areoi. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Onwards for the place ye know about; onwards, onwards.

[*Exeunt Areoi and Priests.*

2d Old Man. Be blessed, they are gone. My heart palpitates for my little property. Oh! what will this nation come to?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A strong apartment in a tower in* TITIROTO'S *territory, overhanging a precipice.*

METABORA, METU, IDIA.

Metabora. Ye who were once my determined and pitiless foes, now my best friends, it were good we finally settled our plans of conduct,

and took those opportunities which Heaven offers for our mutual preservation.

Idia. Gracious mistress! it will be sad to part with thee, but the good cause of the Almighty requires it. We are thy servants: thou wilt not ask us to do aught contrary to the Christian faith which thy lips have taught us.

Metabora. No; for we must not do evil that good may come.

Metu. Noble princess! thou art here imprisoned contrary to law. I have sinned in closing these bolts upon thee: I am willing to undo every bar, and assist in thy escape: speak but the word; I fly to accomplish thy wishes.

Metabora. Three moons have I languished in this tower: I have eyed nothing but the topmost boughs of trees; the birds perching there seemed to mock my captivity. The sky has been very clear, and the sun bright; but slowly has it turned the shadow, and all this radiancy only adds to the prisoner's gloom.

It seems necessary that I should be freed from this house of bondage, and make escape to Rura; my life is otherwise in danger, and the cause of Christ in the land. But I fear to bring you into difficulties; how will you clear yourselves to Titiroto, your chief?

Metu. Were it death from his hands on this occasion, it were welcome: notwithstanding, I hope somewhat of mercy. He favours the princess more than he favours any one.

Idia. Our master is rough and furious; but he barks worse than he bites: besides, there is with him of late an unusual softness to all; and the more remarkable, that it extends even to the white men.

Metabora. By the statute laws of the kingdom I am unjustly clapt up. It is all owing to the jealousy of the priesthood, and the selfish schemes of Uhara. He thinks to obtain possession of me, and then to force a marriage. It is a mere artifice, my being confided at first to the care of your master; the stronghold of Titiroto is merely a step to the stronger caverns of Lehuma.

Metu. That is probable: none can fathom the deep mind of Uhara.

Idia. O Christian lady! how shall we part with thee? Thou art our mother in Israel! We have never known life till now,—eternal life.

Metabora. God grant ye may increase in the glorious faith of Messiah's gospel, and make daily and gracious progress in the divine life! How is it with you?

Idia. Still our minds thirst for the truths of

God; still we yearn to hear the glorious sound of the everlasting word. This is what chiefly irks us in the thought of your departure; but we hope for floods of knowledge to come on this benighted land that is now in the shadow of death.

Metabora. Hast thou acquainted thyself with God, and found peace? Is thy heart changed? Dost thou now love instead of hating?

Idia. Oh! it is so gracious to be filled with love. But, O lady, lady! thou knowest not, thou canst not know. Those we ought to have loved are away, away; our heart searches for them, but we cannot find them. Oh! it is desolate, it is desolate; those young ones! O my princess!

Metabora. What, your children? ah! there is the dark spot.

Idia. O sorrow! none like this sorrow. Our children are away from us—O desolate earth and sky! away from us. Hide, hide your face, thou sun, and ye stars! our own hands have done it: cover us, darkness; bury us from the light of day!

Metabora. O Satan! when wilt thou cease to tempt the children of men? I have understood that there is in men, and even with the lower

animals, implanted by the Creator a wonderful affection for offspring—necessary to excite to the duties of the parent: sad violation of nature when that course is changed!

Idia. Our own hands have done it. Oh, cursed hands!—our compassions extinguished! Oh, ruthless hearts, that would not pity! They looked at us; yea, they stretched their little arms to us; yea, they smiled upon us, the innocents! but we did it, for all that, we did it! Oh, sharks of the boiling ocean! ye have more pity on your prey than we had on the fruit of our body!

Metabora. Woe worth the day!

Idia. We were like Oro, we did not spare. Oh, that we had spared but one cherub! but all are gone, all are gone!

Metu. Name it not, name it not. Oh, distraction! my brain burns. [*Falls along.*

Metabora. Alas! will he die, thinkest thou?

Metu. I have done it: I have done the nameless deed, and they will glare on me in hell for it: they will glare and frown, and shake their faces at my soul. Oh, the everlasting horror and agony for ever and for ever! My children frown on me in hell! it is unendurable.

Idia. Sweet princess! it has been thus with

him: he has lain for hours this way in huge distress; but it is wearing away.

Metabora. O sweet and holy Messiah! wash him in the fountain that is ever open for sin and uncleanness.

Idia. Ah! there is hope, surely there is hope!

Metu. Hope for others; none for me. Oh, where are their souls, where are their souls? They might have lived and been brought to Christ; but now all hope is gone for me: it is removed as a tree.

Metabora. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" so says the word the revelation of the Most High.

Metu. But who hath sinned like me? Surely there is no pardon for me.

Metabora. He saveth even the chief of sinners: thou canst not be more than the chief.

Idia. O husband! Christ hath tasted death for all men.

Metu. My sins are blood red. The innocents! the innocents! my soul did not spare.

Metabora. "Come now, let us reason together," saith the Lord; "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Metu. None could think such things of human kind: such merciless horrors, none can think they could be washed out.

Metabora. He is able to do more than we can ask or think—than our utmost thought can reach, though we taxed our imagination to fly to the topmost heaven.

Idia. Yes, yes, dearest husband: be thou rooted and grounded in the love of Him who is grace, mercy, and love itself. That is his character, that is his name. Behold thou art written on the palms of his hands. Comprehend the breadth and length, the height and depth of the love of God in Christ that passeth knowledge.

Metu. O, partner of my heart and sin, thy words bring comfort to my desolate spirit: but open not that fearful tale any more.

[*Rises from the ground.*

Metabora. Now, then, God bless you both, and preserve you, and make you a blessing. Time flies swiftly. I am under overhanging danger, and dare abide no longer delay. I commend you to His holy keeping. Then, children, where is the cord ye spake of? the moon has gone down, there is but twilight from the milky way: O thou brilliant firmament,

betray not my steps! There is darkness enough. I deem that I should now make the attempt. What think ye?

Idia. Here is the cord. It is tripled and plaited: it will sustain a block of coral, my husband says, were it necessary. Those ethereal brilliants shall but serve you as a lantern.

Metabora. Then how shall I know the way to the coast?

Metu. Lady, when you have reached the bottom of the great rock, just below this window, turn to the right-hand. Keep yonder large star straight in front. Cross two low ridges, and two wooded valleys: in four hours you are out of the lands of Titiroto, and on the route to the coast opposite Rura. The moon has gone down, you shall not be seen.

Metabora. Well then, once more farewell. (*Looks over.*) 'Tis a fearful height. Think ye the cord is long enough and strong enough? Come, now, I commit me to Providence. May the ears of all enemies be stopt, and their eyes held. 'Twill be darksome travelling; but life and liberty are sweet. Come, come, come!

Metu. We must but open the window a few inches, lest we alarm the sentinels to the front and sides. And that we may know your safety,

breathe not a word, but please to pluck the cord three times when you do gain the ground.

[*They bind the cord round Metabora, she descends through the window.*

Metabora. Farewell, farewell; pray for me, friends, pray always.

Idia. Farewell; O farewell, thou most blessed hope of Utonga.

[*The princess is lowered to the bottom of the rock on which the tower stands.*

Metu. Three strong pulls at the cord, like the bite of a dolphin: all goes well: this was done bravely.

[*They look over the window for a while in silence, and the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*Apartment in the palace.*

King METRI, UHARA, *Sub-chiefs of Lehuma, High Priest, Principal Areoi, and an assemblage of Areoi, Priests, and Warriors.*

Uhara. May it please our sovereign liege: it has been represented to the king, from opportunity to opportunity, that the times are ominous, that fearful changes are on the very verge of accomplishment. Let it not offend the

majesty of Utonga, that our souls are grieved, our hearts perplexed, chiefly by the unconcern which our rightful lord manifests in regard to these matters.

1st Sub-chief. Oh let not the king be displeased. We have large opportunity of knowing the mind of the people throughout the land; and a general apprehension exists of a change, to emanate from the island of Rura, which will throw the whole kingdom into confusion, and will be attended with the most disastrous consequences to the family even of the beloved Metri.

2d Sub-chief. Pardon, O thou desire of the kingdom, pardon our importunity. It wrests the very pillars and props of the state, that these white men are suffered to reign and rule in the place of Metri, and to propagate their monstrous and alarming opinions on all sides; so that the very populace are calling in question the ancient faith of the constitution, and canvassing the superiority of the white men's religion, in every cottage, and under every banana tree in the land. Your sceptre, O Metri, is in danger. We are distressed and confounded at the infatuated unconcern of our beloved sovereign on these solemn presages.

King Metri. Friends, ye know the white men

have done good service to the kingdom. Must we cut them off, as the reward thereof?

Uhara (to the Sub-chiefs). What can detain Titiroto? This is beyond bearing. Go forth, one of you, and bring him hither, if it were from the moon. [*Exit 1st Sub-chief.*

Most potent Metri; Oh, our father, beware. These whites are opposed to us in their nature; their very colour denotes that they are alien to this part of the world. Let them retain their own climate; we encroach not on theirs. Would that the king might open his eyes! Your reign and sway, as lawful monarch of this realm, is in the utmost peril. I cannot answer for the chiefs of my territory.

King Metri. Cannot we live at peace with two white men? can they swallow up the myriads of Utonga?

High Priest. O sacred son of Oro, beware, beware! Thou knowest not what the fearful results will be when these men bring over numbers to their shocking and dangerous sentiments. Have they not admitted that their own treacherous nation, by at first perfidiously gaining a few stations on the Indian continent, have by degrees subjected hundreds of millions to their sway: have rooted out ancient kingdoms,

and hewn in pieces emperors and their sacred children?

Uhara (to 2d Sub-chief). Slave, go fetch Titiroto, though it were on thy spear's point. Swift, obey, ye pollution of treachery.

[*Exit 2d Sub-chief.*

My sovereign liege, love to thee and to thy throne, and to the dynasty of thy fathers, compel me to declare that our allegiance will enclasp that trunk of the forest alone, which is true and stable at the heart. Consider, I pray, there are precedents for placing the next heir on the throne of the kingdom, when the reigning monarch gives universal ground for suspicion of danger. Far be it that such a catastrophe should meet the present occasions of the state.

King Metri. Have these men committed treason? are they not quiet? have they not taught useful arts to the people?

High Priest. O king, these men have indeed committed high treason. They have openly taught and declared that there are certain prophecies of their superstition, soon to receive a full and clear accomplishment; one of which runs thus: That the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of their High-priest.

And further, that it is proper to obey the voice of their God rather than any king.

1st Areoi. Yea, all this and more we have heard with our ears. The whole population is imbued with this doctrine, from the east to the west, from the north to the south. Who knows the mood of the people, and the chiefs, if we know it not?

King Metri. This indeed is suspicious, and somewhat serious. They might at least respect that sovereignty under which they have been permitted to live in safety.

Uhara. Open your eyes, O mirror of the kingdom: for I swear by my spear, (into which may the everlasting gods enter,) that the great bulk of the chiefs will not hold themselves bound to their allegiance, unless Metri exterminate these Christians, and establish the ancient faith of the nation in permanence and peace.

High Priest. I am authorized, in the fullest manner, to make a similar declaration from the priesthood in all its ranks and branches.

1st Areoi. And I add the same solemn asseveration on behalf of the Areoi and the whole mass of the people.

King Metri (to the others of the Assembly).

Are ye all else silent, chiefs and warriors? Have ye no opinion?

High Priest. Oh! who would stand forth to gainsay the truths of Oro? the earth would cleave and swallow him.

Uhara. And farther than all this: the white men have repaired the ancient fortifications on the topmost rock of Rura; and it is understood that part of the European thunder has been stored there. If this be not levying war against the king; yea, the treason of treasons, I know not what is.

King Metri. This matter has grown to a greater head than I had supposed. Fortified Rura, said ye?

1st Areoi. Turreted it to the clouds. Look not doubtful, O Metri. I have shortly left the spot. I have seen it with mine eyes.

High Priest. The things are obvious and patent to the sight of all men.

King Metri. This determines me. Such an audacious act of plain warfare ought not to go unpunished. I will look into the matter myself. Wherefore, ye warriors, prepare to attend me to-morrow to Rura by the break of day.

Uhara. We do most humbly thank your gracious sovereignty.

High Priest. In the name of the sacred function to which I belong, I tender thanks also, O king.

1st Areoi. The whole nation will echo gratitude and praise continually.

King Metri. Then, friends, be at your posts; we meet for certain at the time appointed. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An old fortification on the summit of a high mountain in Rura.*

Enter King METRI, *with a large company of chiefs, warriors and others, but* UHARA *and* TITIROTO *absent.*

Two heralds approach the battlements on the rock, and sound the conch-shell.

Heralds. Open your portals, O ye inhabitants of this tower, that the king, the father of the land, may enter!

[ANNESLEY, LOCKHART, METABORA, *and others, appear on the battlements.*

King Metri. How is this, thou ancient man of Rura, and thou white warrior, how is this? How have ye conspired against our lawful authority; have retired to this strength, and raised

the flag of war, and flared open rebellion in the eyes of the denizens of the land?

Annesley. Sire, lawful king and ruler of this realm, thou dost us injustice. We are here as thy prisoners: we are here on our own defence, against those that would have our life. We wait for thy righteous arm to shield us, and to put us into circumstances of safety.

King Metri. Why do ye thus separate yourselves? It hath been represented to me that your white king hath insidiously, under pretence of trade and amity, taken possession of many realms, and slain their kings. How can ye answer this?

Annesley. We do not defend the policy of our nation in all respects; yea, we from our hearts condemn it.

King Metri. But ye say that Christ will come and take our kingdom.

Annesley. O lawful monarch of Utonga! the kingdom of Christ is not of this world: it is a spiritual kingdom, and it is in the hearts of his people that he reigneth.

King Metri. How shall I learn your sincerity? for ye know well that in my heart I favour you, yea, that all the people are filled with good-will to you.

Annesley. Make room for us, and we will retain our protection in this rock no longer. Yet thou knowest our power; thou art not ignorant of the force and skill of white men; nevertheless in thy kindness and honesty we trust. See, we descend among you.

[ANNESLEY *and the rest of the company descend from the parapet, amid the loud acclamations and salutations of the whole assemblage.*

METRI *clasps* METABORA *in his arms. The people give a shout of approbation and joy.*

ANNESLEY *and* LOCKHART *kneel, and bare their bosoms.*

Lockhart. When thou dost find treason here, O king, strike, and satisfy thy justice upon us.

King Metri. Rise, my friends, I have better thoughts of you.

[TITIROTO *is here led in by* METU *and* IDIA.

Titiroto. I yield, I yield to the sweet and peaceful dominion of Him who is the Prince of peace. Behold, O Metri, beloved and revered, I am a Christian!

From your silence I augur your astonishment.

It were long to detail this unexpected change, far more extraordinary to myself than it can be to others; suffice it that from my inmost soul I reject Oro, and all idols, who are no gods.

[*Gentle sounds of approbation pervade the assemblage.*

I hate myself with a perfect hatred: as I have lived a life of monstrous sin, henceforth, should I survive any longer, I would desire that it should be to the praise of Zion's King; he giving me strength during the few moments of my pilgrimage that might remain on this earth. But I feel and know that my time is come: I have lived here long enough; welcome, welcome everlasting life!

Wherefore, O king, release these Christian men, if thou hast bound them. Trust not Uhara, he is full of murders and treasons. I have deeply sinned with him against the princess, and against thee.

Reject Oro for thyself and the kingdom. Raze the temples, burn up the idols, teach all thy people the words of eternal life, and the great Shepherd of the sheep of heaven will bless these realms. Give ear to my words; they are the last thou wilt hear from me, for

my time is now come. Farewell, thou king, and thou blessed princess, Metabora; farewell, Christian friends, and all ye people; and thou heaven

> Stretch forth thy everlasting arms,
> And shield me in the last alarms.

[TITIROTO *composes himself, with the aid of the attendants, to recline; and amid the deep silence and vigilant watching of the assembly for some moments, lies back and dies.*

A sub-chief of LEHUMA *rushes into the midst, and kneels to the king.*

Sub-chief. Oh, my liege, my king! pardon for me, and pardon for the whole land of Lehuma.

King Metri. What speakest thou of pardon? where is thy chief?

Sub-chief. Sovereign lord, Uhara, finding all his long-laid schemes against the princess about to be frustrated by the hands of those on whose assistance he reposed, has left his dominions—he has gone away.

King Metri. How this treason now bursts on me! I did suspect this lord.

Sub-chief. Grace, grace for the whole land! it is innocent.

King Metri. Whence hath thy master gone?

Sub-chief. Last night he left his tower, straitly commanding that none should follow: he was watched as he mounted the route to the crater of Lehuma: hundreds of men have searched the mountain for their lord all night and this morning, but in vain. It is judged that spirits have carried him away.

King Metri. O solemn and momentous thought! thus hath the Christian's God preserved us and our kingdom with a double salvation; first from Agala, and then from our own treacherous friends.

What say ye, O my countrymen! shall we take the Christian God for our God?

Behold Titiroto speaks yet from his lowly couch: his words still ring in our ears: those lips that once cheered you to murder and to blood, have lastly counselled you into the paths of heavenly peace.

What say ye, O friends?

[*The chiefs, warriors, and whole people kneel down upon the ground.*

People. Let the father of Utonga in this respect have his will.

King Metri. Then give ear, O ye chiefs and

warriors! listen, O ye nation of Utonga! As lawful monarch of this land, and so far as I have legal power to do so, I declare the God of Abraham to be the acknowledged God of this my people. I desire them to return from their former wickedness, and live to His praise, and to be washed from polluted stains in the all-powerful and eternal blood of Jesus. I ordain that the worship of Oro shall cease, and all other than that of the one living and true God.

I appoint the temples to be levelled with the ground and razed, and the idols to be utterly and for ever destroyed. I beseech all my people, my children, to listen to the glorious sound of the gospel of Christ: and this God of peace be with us all now, henceforth, and for evermore!

People. So be it all: yea, so be it all.

[*The people rise.* METRI *embraces* LOCKHART *and* ANNESLEY. *Various arrangements are made, and the whole drama closes.*

MORAIG;

OR,

THE SEEKER FOR GOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is sometimes of importance for the Author of a work of fancy, to preclude his readers from supposing that, even in the regions of fiction, he has passed the bounds of probability. If any one should think that the limits of verisimilitude have been overstepped in the present instance, it may be some apology, if not a complete justification, to say that the leading feature of the following Narrative was matter of actual fact in the Hebrides, somewhere, it is supposed, in the third quarter of last century.

CONTENTS.

CONSIDERATIONS PREFATORY.

WHAT is that thought, which, since the world began,
Doth least frequent the crowded heart of Man?
What lofty musings those, so quick suppress'd,
And exil'd as they spring within the breast?
What is the sunniest portion of the skies
With which our sympathies least sympathise?
What is the contemplation which we stifle,
And supersede with every petty trifle;
Which we endure by suff'rance, while we must,
But else repel with hatred or disgust?

Inhabitants of earth! spar'd but by grace,
Hearken, and let the heaven veil its face.
The friendliest Friend meets your averted eyes,
The Patron most paternal you despise;
No meditation seems so mad, so odd,
As on a sovran and presiding God;
Yet such, O man, the faultless majesty,
And probity sublime of Deity,

'Tis the soul's chastest, most intense delight
To prostrate in the loneliest, lowliest plight,
Before the sweetness of such excellence,
Worth so ecstatic, beauty so immense.

Those whom we dearly prize, we long to make
Of all our sorrows and our joys partake.
We run to find their ear, and to acquaint
With every enterprise, and each intent,
Or large or little, 'mid the varying cares
That fire our hopes, or hazard our affairs.
We seek their solace sweet in all our lot;
But do not so with God, therefore we love Him not.

Yet Mankind plead:—We cannot always be
In act of praise, and ever on the knee.
We must attend to bus'ness in this life,
Provide for age, for children, and for wife.
Besides, God is so high, so far away
From all that we transact, hear, do, or say,
That 'tis not in his attribute to heed,
With friv'lous interest, man's act and deed.

Vain reas'ning! God, with a punctilious care,
And curious accuracy, counts each hair
Upon the head; no tiny bird is found
But that He wings its passage to the ground.
By Him our soul lives in its earthly cell,

And all our secret well-springs in Him dwell;
And when we fail to wish our God may ken
Each movement of our inmost soul, and when
Our stealthy hand applies it to a task
On which our heart his blessing shrinks to ask,
'Tis then we miss to sympathise with Him
Who loves to give man life and to redeem.
If we refuse sweet concord of the soul
With Him, and fail each bias to controul
To tally with His mind, then either God
Judges amiss, or else the guilty load
Of nonconformity to good pertains
With justice to man's side; but who sustains
The creature's heresies and fancies blind
'Gainst Him who form'd all argument and mind?

But still 'tis reason'd:—God doth hidden lie
Behind th' eternal curtains of the sky.
How can we deem of God, or groping find
The darkling truths that please th' Almighty Mind?
For though in heavenly courts, it is presum'd,
It might have been determin'd and foredoom'd,
That Roman eagle should not crouching stand
Subdued and captive to the Gaul's red hand;
Yet, Heaven's mandate could it ever be,
Edict especial and Divine decree,
That geese should cackle to cause Manlius wake,
And stir his might to roll the battle back,—

To sweep the foe from off the sacred height
Of Capitol, and save the Roman state?
Of our far learning, be it deep or broad,
The sum is this,—we feel there is a God;
But shrewdly guess he neither feels or cares
About our avocations or affairs.

Now, this is declamation loose and blind,
A foster'd ignorance and sloth of mind.
'Tis arbitrary pride that doth refuse
One hour upon this hallow'd theme to muse.
Ponder a little space, and then deny
That the lofty One who made the earth and sky,
Drew us from nothingness, unknown, unseeing;
Gave the stupendous bliss and joy of being:
Breath'd in our nostrils life, and from our birth
Protects, caresses, on the harbouring earth.
He feeds with dainties sweet, which, if He will'd,
Had with envenom'd gall alone been fill'd;
Spreads the soft fragrance, and the fresh'ning breeze,
Instead of fetid stench or foul disease;
Creates melodious sounds in human tones,
In rustling gales, or e'en the tempest's moans;
In upland cat'racts, or sea waves perplext,
Where sameness might have pall'd or discord vex'd.
Why did He give the sun with bounteous grace
T'embrown the genial harvests for our race?
Why tell His moon t'illumine our sad night,

And guard, yet not embroil, our weary plight?
Why does He rain His kindness from the skies,
And from ten thousand founts bid joy arise?
Owes He to us a debt? what quittance strange
Pay we to Nature's coffers in exchange!
'Tis vain to say, He neither feels nor cares
About our avocations and affairs.

But still Mankind persist:—Our name we prize;
And opulence and honours in our eyes
Are precious: who would these from us dispart,
To him be all the wormwood of our heart;
While to the patron that protects our store,
'Tis smiling gratitude, thanks o'er and o'er;
For he is ever dear who can assist
Gold's sweet accumulation in our chest.
We love wide influence and high command,
For selfish zest, or service of the land;
We doat on fame for its own witching food,
Or that it lends a strength for general good.
To win these prizes we will stir and struggle,
And fight, or feign, or fawn, or joke, or juggle;
Turn night to day, the sunny rays deflow'r
'Mid dingy alleys, drain out every hour;
And he who gains us credit or repute
By favour, face, puff, patronage, or suit,—
Or finds us rapt'rous dignity and sway
By scheme or privilege, lampoon or lay,—

Earns our approval and devout reward,
And walks through life our idol and our guard.
Nay, we can, sever'd from our proper case,
Esteem the benefactor of our race;
And, urg'd to it on public grounds alone,
Adore a Howard or a Washington;
But we must be allow'd to judge it treason
To common sense, to every rule of reason,
We should be importun'd our love to spend
On what we cannot see or comprehend—
On abstract Godhead, far beyond our ken:
Angels may do such feats, but never men.

Well, this at least is candid: pray extend,
And stretch your system to its proper end.
The upshots of your proposition prove
The thing you see or handle you can love;
With causes proximate you treat alone,
But the First Cause of all you shun to own.
Yet list a homely case: a Thornton hears
Of good men broken down by want and years.
With secret bounty he deputes a friend,
Himself unknown, the pension to expend;
Who, while he orderly supplies the boon,
Dares not the hid and gen'rous source make known.
Though delegated, grateful feelings blend
At every thought of Thornton's punctual friend;
Still is the crowning thankfulness referr'd

To him who sprang the gift, though undeclar'd.
Now, if the glorious Lifespring of the world
Must from His everlasting throne be hurl'd,
(For what less is it, when his subjects deem
He has no cares for them, nor they for Him,)
Why all this pomp of homage? why this load
Of reverent fealty to an unknown God?
Why do all tribes and nations bend the knee,
And proffer worship to a Deity;
And full creation, through its farthest coasts,
And distant shores, confess a Lord of hosts;
So that to sages 'tis a doubt, at least,
If would-be atheist ever did exist?

The busy chiefs and rulers of a state
Themselves may doubt true christian faith, or hate;
Judge holiest homage of the heart in blame,
And, caught in secret prayer, may sweat with shame;
Yet, notwithstanding of this fix'd neglect
Of their own soul's concerns, they still respect
The pop'lous realms they govern, and uphold
Religion's frame-work, as of strength untold
(Messiah's precepts and atoning blood)
For prop of principle and moral good.
Appeal, if this your pausing credence shock,
To him who died on St. Helena's rock.*

* Napoleon Buonaparte, in stating his religious sentiments to his friends, mentioned that he believed in the existence of

If this peculiar and especial gain
At Jesus' altar states and realms obtain,
Say, should not ev'ry citizen respond,
As for himself, to a specific bond?
For, can a nation friendship's fruits commend,
While no one owns the giver for a friend?
Nay, let each glad heart unabash'd avow
God his best friend, friend of his country too.

And when the fatal hour veers round indeed,
When man must work the work he never did,
And sink amaz'd into th' abyss which death
Unveils to his blank view, a sudden faith
Pierces his heart; no longer he pretends
To unacquaintedness with God, but bends
His frantic head in anguish, while the cranch
Of rushing fate comes like an avalanche.
The dying wretch now whines with such a groan
As draws the sympathising rocks to moan;
While the neglected Power mocks at his cries,*
And changeless Justice claims the sacrifice.
Ah! where now Byron's scoff, Napoleon's jest,
And all the drollery and farce profess'd

God, but that all religions are the work of men. He admitted, however, that he re-established religion and worship in France, as the best support of sound principles and good morality.—Las Cases' Napoleon, Lond. 1823, p. 135.

* I will laugh at your calamity.—Prov. i. 26.

By man or devil since the world was born,
To bring the Gospel to contempt or scorn?
Where the bravado laugh? 'Tis echo'd, hark!
In yon deep glooms past our creation's mark:
Hell chuckles, and prolongs the comic lay,
And, with a leer quite earthly, swamps the prey.

If, then, in times of strait emergency,
When man is screw'd up to extremity,—
Or when the needs of millions drive their chief
To the sole measure that will bring relief,—
Then is God own'd by general acclaim;
Why is he not acknowledg'd on the same
Analogy and rule, but doubt or strife,
By every soul that breathes the breath of life;
And the dread Power that can alone defend
Not made by all the confidant and friend?

When Henri, Frenchmen's darling, kindly press'd
The faithful Rosny to his royal breast;
Did the wise minister refuse to bring
Candour and trust to the confiding king?
Did he the potent amity-retort,
And spurn the proffer'd generous support?
Nay, but in welcoming his friend's caress,
Points power when it may drench the land with bliss.

Sin at the first estrang'd man from his God,
And tempts him still to keep the crowded road,

That ushers multitudes, with easy bend,
To the red gulph where men by nature tend.
Few, few there be that set their face as flint,
And welcome shame and spitting, and the dint—
The least endurable by human heart—
The shaft of wit, and ridicule's dread dart;
And, spite of sarcasm, and laughter's rod,
Make for the narrow path that leads to God.

God is too pure for unconverted man,
Who hates appeal to Heaven, and the plan
Which revelation has propos'd, to bind
The roving, fallen, instincts of mankind;
But loves the lust of gratified desire,
And passion's ceaseless, unappeased fire;
Or yearns for place the frisking crowds among,
Dear self enthron'd amid th' admiring throng;
Him harnesses to the mad lead of chance,
In independence wild of Providence;
To earthly fervours inclination binds;
Throws rich futurity unto the winds;
Ingrate, makes earth his heaven, and will not sever
Whence God has said, Thou shalt not live for ever.

But by the stricken hearts who have obey'd
With haste the call of Heaven, it may be said,
Who would not then leave all things, and engage
In thy bland service round this pilgrimage,
O thou Incarnate One! who liv'dst inhum'd

In form of flesh, lest man should be consum'd,
Bar'd to thy burning glory, to the broad
Blaze and the essence absolute of God;
And that the sinner, fearful of hellfire,
Might see in God the Brother as the Sire,—
So kind, so loving, yet who could defend
From universal ill; a matchless friend;
Whose voice, like thund'ring floods, nathless contains
The sum and zenith of harmonious strains;
Such sweet welcome of words as might be hop'd
From unacquainted sympathies first op'd,—
And the unwonted sight of Godhead one
With clemency of mild, fraternal Man;
Whose beauteous ethics, rightly understood,
Tend to full peace and universal good;
All morals in whose life are comprehended,
Virtue epitomiz'd, perfection ended?

But not to earth Thy benefits confin'd,
Thy blood brings charter to Thine heir, mankind,
For more than temporal estate, yea, more
Than earth's sweet scenes, exub'rant, ever bore.
All our delights of mortal taste and sense;
All fragrance that all petals, leaves dispense;
All richest blossoms, flourishes, and posies,
And garden branches, luscious clusters, roses,
And sunny pastures, milky produce, streams
And floods of juice fecund,—all that he dreams,

The prosp'rous husbandman in reverie*
Autumnal,—is but blank impurity,
To those empyrean scenes, ambrosial fields,
And nectarous fruitage, that Thy new earth yields.

When Thou shalt come upon the latest tide
Of time, once more to cheer Thy sister-bride,
The general church: they shall Thy robes behold,
As twice in Olivet, of crystal gold.
But none may gauge the joy that shall arise
When the earth mingles with the jocund skies.
For now Thy spouse a cloister'd widow pines,
Sick with sin's wages, chain'd within the lines
Of Satan's camp, who with permitted hands
Hath seized the sword and sceptre of all lands.*

But 'twill not always last, earth-tainted time,
Infected with the atmosphere of crime;
Nor shall of daily human births a throng
Accumulate the sum of human wrong.
Nor shall sin's sediment, within Christ's flock,
Sicken their sweet enjoyment of the Rock
Of Ages, 'neath whose grateful shade they stand,
'Mid grievous ardours of a weary land.
Th' accurs'd pollution that did cause Thy gore
To flow, must sometime cease for evermore;

* Luke iv. 6. John xiv. 30. Eph. vi. 12.

Another dispensation rise for men,
And heaven's high King enjoy His own again.

When the set moment flashes, then indeed,
In sound of trumpets like the rushing steed,
Thou com'st with clouds, and every tongue shall
moan Thee,
The stagg'ring and the kindling earth shall own
Thee,
Her continents, and her ten thousand mountains,
Her ocean cisterns, and her inland fountains.
Eternal strength and beauty shall infold
Thy marred face that gleams like suns of gold;
And notwithstanding of Thy wasting gaze,
All human love shall dwell upon Thy face.
Thy robes shall shed all odours, and the breeze
That spreads the fragrance shall root out disease.
Thy touch will thrill with joy the heaven-born
nerve;
The laying on thy royal hands will serve
To shower more virtue on thy people's head
Than e'er of old thy bless'd apostles shed;—
To give a more than arch-angelic prop,
And power to carry duty to the top
Of utmost action, and with proud success
To fill up all love's labours, and to press
Still on to triumphs higher far and higher
Than ever earthly fancy or desire

Could grasp;—t'incite the righteous just, victorious,
Amid their undertakings pure and glorious,
To holier enterprise and loftier deed
In the majestic efforts that proceed,
Within that topmost heaven of sinless rest,
Whose radiance waits fruition of the blest.

THE NARRATIVE OF NATIVITY.

Among th' Hebridean isles, that watchful stand
The sentinels of western Scottish land,
One rests conspicuous 'mid the glassy waves,
And with gigantic grandeur calmly braves
The long Atlantic roll, which idly wars
With adamantine heights heav'd to the stars,
Outstretch'd like salient tower, or raveline,
To stay the fury of the raging brine.
But, 'mid the seaward barriers of the isle,
Lie meads and valleys to the sun's soft smile;
And many a wooded bank and linn sonorous
Lulls, with the notes of birds, in peaceful chorus:
Upon the radiant peaks the wild goat strays,
And finny tribes beset the lucid bays.

In this recess of Nature dwelt a race
Alert and hardy, brave;—where we might trace
Courteous demeanour bland, gestures that preach
In unison with words of ancient speech;

A ready native promptness, though a want
Of learned nurture, such as is the vaunt
Of their compeers amid the Lowland plains,
Supplied with letter'd lore, and book-taught swains.
And yet sublime tradition came, instead
Of erudition, to inform the head;
And wild and stinted Nature's scarce supplies
For human sustenance, were met by wise
Address and art; and subtle genius knew
To wring food from its rocks, and comfort too.
Temp'rate their diet, wherewith Nature gives
Th' excelling might of him that temp'rate lives:
Far known for sinewy symmetry of limb,
Precision of the foot, and lynx-eye's gleam,
Their scant vesture display'd forms that might glory,
Models of Grecian art, in marble story.

On banks of a deep stream that did convey
Unmeasur'd crystal currents to the sea,
Some hovel cots, unstable, might be seen;
Th' abode of Moraig's sire, and all her kin;—
A refuge from the long, wild winter's ire:
In summer scarce a shelter they require.
The mountain breeze freshens the scene, and usance
Makes peat smoke and front dunghill scarce a
nuisance.
Young Moraig's sire was, on th' Hebridean plan,
A shepherd, fisher, and a husbandman.

The mother sever'd still her cares between
Her kilted boys, and cow half-starv'd and lean,
That shar'd the family harbour in her stall,
Bedded with breckans by the inner wall.
The elder youth succour'd their father's hand,
Accomplish'd his behests by sea or land:
They clomb the steepy mountain's giddy height,
To turn the goats when wander'd out of sight;
Or on the deep, mindful of family wants,
They hook'd the turbot from his hidden haunts.
Upon the river's brink the infants stand,
In emulation keen, with hazel wand,
And crooked pin and thread,—and with a shout
Whisk forth adroit the struggling precious trout.
The bank and lucent stream had just before
Serv'd as the general toilet and boudoir.
Besides, a summer-house of turf they share,
Make dinner sets of fractur'd china ware;
With Celtic courtesy, and mock parade,
The honours of the rustic feast are made,
Well stor'd with bilberry from the purple moor,
And dulce and tangle from the briny shore;
But tempting cherry-tree, with ruddy smile,
And apples all, are strangers to the isle.

Of the wide district scarce a denizen
Could spell a syllable, or handle pen;
From house of God, the most part were exiles,

Distant more than a score of Highland miles;
No child had ever held the church in sight
But once, as offer'd to baptismal rite;
A sermon some had heard from the Stag's pale,—
A huge rock in the midst of a deep vale,
Where drowsy dulness, in five tedious years,
Preach'd once to ign'rant and to wond'ring ears;
And hence the race were uninform'd, in sooth,
Of truths more weighty than all other truth.

How it thus chanc'd, the record hath not told,
But musing Moraig, at ten winters old,
Became most unaccountably imprest
With Deity, an ever wakeful quest;
With cogitation deep, and mental strife,
Touching supreme Jehovah, Source of life;
With keen, unsatisfied imaginings
Of Heaven's high rule on final unknown things;
With huge antipathy, and mental dread
Of ign'rance on the all-engrossing head.
What struck the mental chord that sprang the tone,
Inbred or from without, remain'd unknown.
Celestial knowledge, and true gospel sounds,
Dwelt not within her native region bounds.
The mother, childhood's kindest, tend'rest friend,—
Till now all wants and exigencies tend
To her near-stooping ear divulg'd,—therefore,
Like each familiar wish, as oft before,

This catch of marv'lous thought she must explain
To her, as best she might, but all in vain.
The senior star'd upon th' entreating child,
Now silent, but whose eye, perplext and wild,
Search'd, as with torch, her parent's inmost heart,
Who, reckless of the theme, employ'd her art,
Upon a more immediate point, to find
If witch or wizard haunt her infant's mind:
Moraig the topic plies, again, again,
With the mild stolid mother, but in vain.

And thus repuls'd from whence she fondly hop'd
Relief in her strange case, young Moraig mop'd
Abstract, and her defeat impatient brooks.
Thrown on her own resource, she spoke by looks
Of unaccustom'd care; and hidden sighs
Stole from her breast, tears from her young blue
eyes.
And when the mighty secret of her mind
Refus'd to rest, she found herself confin'd
Unto the rougher parent to confide
Her lonesome and dark searchings; but he, wide
Of the intended mark, simply express'd
Surprise unto his wife, and gravely guess'd,
That the fantastic visions which engross'd
Their daughter's spirit, prov'd it tempest-tost
Upon the verge of madness, whereto, indeed,
His uninstructed mate dubious agreed;

Though all the maiden's other acts combin'd
The shrewd sense to divulge of soundest mind.

Moraig, nathless, persisted still to stray
By solitary beach at peep of day;—
The sea-bird not discern'd, tho' heard its scream,
And the gray rocks in matin twilight dim,
Till the sun launch'd from couch of orient dyes,
And flar'd his ruddy beams in sleeping eyes:
The cheering glare a mass of sea illumes,
On rocky crag brightens the eagle's plumes,
Gilds warm the heavenward stories of the mountains,
And bathes in blood all rivers, lakes, and fountains;—
And eyeing still the beds of molten gold,
Which for a breath th' exulting orb infold,
Till it no longer would conceal, the child,
Perplext in ravishment, with accent wild,
Would cry, "Who made thee, thou immortal blaze
Of light and heat? something within me says,
That He to whose high glory thou must bow,
Is yet more grand and beautiful than thou."

Or at majestic eve she would ascend,
Lonely, the summits of the sea-girt land,
That flam'd with western light, where eyes might roll
Down upon kingdoms; and the towering soul,

Neighbouring the less of earth's low, baser tone,
Might seem the more t' approach bright Heaven's
throne;
And dizzy heights and vales loom far beneath,
And chasms, shaded in part with twilight death,
Part saturate with sunbeam to the brim;—
A sight of splendour like an angel's dream:
There would she think and pine with wond'ring
breast,
Till the sun drew the curtains of the west,
When all the fleet of islands in his wake
Ceas'd revel of purple glory, and the track
Of starry darkness follow'd. She would plain,—
"Whence are earth's kingdoms, and the race of
men?
And what I feel within of hope, desire,
Of joy and sorrow, whence the secret fire?
What is the source of man? does he fulfil
With scrupulous watch th' eternal Maker's will?
What is that will? Ah! whither doth it tend?
Had God beginning? hath He also end,
Like yellow leaves of trees, or summer's wave?
Or like man will He fall into the grave?"

And when the lurid skies, wrought in one frame
With mountain peaks, a harp of God became,
Prepar'd to utter anthems,—and Heaven's Lord,
With fingers form'd of lightnings, struck the chord,

Evoking tones that foil all other sound,
In earth, in air, in ocean that is found,
And solemnizing all,—her head she bow'd,
And worshipp'd with all Nature's rev'rent crowd.

Thus swallow'd up in one high argument,
Her faculties converge to this intent,
And search unquenchable through Nature's code,
For knowledge of the universe's God.
Sh' address'd the solemn inquiry to all,
'Mid startle and surprise; and would appal,
At times, the stout heart with impassion'd look,
And scrutinous inquest, never yet forsook
Through maiden shame: nay, she would e'en molest,
With thrust unpurpos'd, some shy conscious breast.
But all, at last, judging the case to be
Frenzy, indulg'd her quest with courtesy:
Of eyes streaming with thought they bore the broil,
And chiding words with a permissive smile.
Her callous parents,—weary with annoyance
Incident to the case, having no science
To parry the perplexity that link'd
With where the lamp of reason was extinct,
Or such suppos'd,—judging, at any rate,
That lunatics, the favourites of fate,
May be resign'd to destiny, a charm
Possessing still, conservative from harm,—

They brook'd the fretting wound they could not heal;
Obstructed not the over-vaulting zeal
That prompted Moraig to leave house and home
On an unwonted pilgrimage to roam;
And thus, without remonstrance, she was left
Of parents, kindred, birthplace, self-bereft,
To find out, where she might, th' untravell'd road
Could usher her to happiness and God.

THE MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

One grey-ey'd morn, while yet the diamond dew
Drench'd deep the grassy glades, ere the lark flew,
Young Moraig glid, with firm but noiseless tread,
From her warm, sacred home; and, undismay'd,
First to the covert of the stream withdrew,
And up its rocky channel stole from view.
The hurrying waters bent towards the ocean,
In race resistless; and, with equal motion,
The tide in Moraig's agitated breast
Mov'd onward to the purpos'd haven of rest.
Unseen she gains the upper rapids, whence
Crossing from rock to rock without mischance,
She lurks 'mong heathy knolls, with stealthy feet,
Whose shelt'ring intervention her retreat
May cover from her kinsmen's prying sight:
Their well-meant zeal might intercept her flight.
And thus at last the public track she trode
That to th' interior regions led the road;

But stinted at the latest point of view,
And turn'd t'explore the covert where she drew
First breath of life;—for there still slept unmov'd
The little world she knew alone, and lov'd.
She sigh'd and bless'd them, then with sudden fire
Turn'd to seek out a yet more loving Sire.

Before her wound the route into the glen:
A brawling brook ran in the dale amain;
Above, green slopes extended far and wide,
Where nibbling sheep are here and there descried;—
Their faint and distant bleating scarce is heard
Up the green lonesome wilderness; their guard,
The shepherd, with his dog, is out of sight,
Plaid-wrapt and peering from th' opposing height;—
On either side ascend the summits clear,
Where awful silence reigns; and high in air
The long-shank'd heron swims, intent to take
His fishing pleasure in yon reedy lake.

Thus journey'd she for many a dusty mile,
O'er moors and mystic mountains, where erewhile
Fingal strode with his hounds, and Ossian drew
From harp high tones, to deeds of heroes due;
When, from a hoar crag the descent that crown'd
Into a narrow valley she has found
In sight, a maiden's form, that she knew well,
Just cross'd with speed from an adjacent dell:

Moraig pursues, and with shrill halloo wakes
The fourfold echo from the rocky brakes.
Her elder comrade turns, checking her haste,
And courteously receives her breathless guest.
The tartan scarf her swelling breast immur'd,
Which with huge silver brooch was well secur'd.
A sprig of purple heath entwin'd her hair,
Delivre,* and degagé was her air;
Her light, small foot, uncognizant of shoe,
She bounded with the lightness of the roe,
In maidenhood's first prime; and blithe and belle,
Bloom'd in all eyes the Highland demoiselle.

The two proceed amain: by fits they quit
The public highway; and with skilful feet
Course the short paths, worn through the upper
heath,
Springing the whirring muirhen underneath.
Moraig, her brisk companion bustling found,
Engag'd upon a tour the district round,
To form a party for religious rite,
Communion sacrament, at distant site,
Conceiv'd th' occasion might but justly suit,
Her usual solemn questions forth to put.

* Scotch term, derived from the French, denoting freedom of gesture, and accuracy of movement. The Lowland tongue does not abound in phrases well fitted to express the *tournure* and mien of Highlanders.

Her merry friend at first look'd round and star'd,
If what she utter'd were correctly heard;
And then exclaim'd, "Maruah! oh, my sorrow!
Is the lassie craz'd? Help me, ye flowers of
    Yarrow!
What can she mean? Wee Moraig, loochan* dear,
Is your head well, my bairn? I fear, I fear.
If such strange things you ask, to th' elders go;
Far better than the priest himself they know.
Macrecht!† the harrying of my home, indeed!
I have some other fancies in my head.
List to me, lassie, leave these frets and twitchings,
I go with twelve to-morrow to the preachings,‡
To meet there, oh, my heart! young Evan Græme:
I love the very letters of his name.
Whenever he can get the Nevis mailling,§
(His int'rest with the factor is prevailing,)
Then, then, O Moraig, what will happen then?
Lassie, I shall be married to my swain,
In holy bonds of wedlock all my life;
Oh, heavens! his own unseparated wife.
And this, I trow, takes me to yonder kirk;
And Evan has new bonnet, belt, and dirk;
The eagle's feather on his front he wears
To which by birth undoubted right he bears.

* *Loochan*, darling (Gaelic).
† *Machrecht*, my spoiling (Gaelic).
‡ *Preachings*, a Scottish communion.
§ *Mailling*, a small farm.

There's many a maid would wade through sin and
shame,
To gain his heart, and marry Evan Græme:
But he has sworn to me upon his brand,
And by his grandsire's and his father's hand,
All on the Druid stone in far Glen Coe.
Ah! could you but behold him, you would know
What means a paragon of mankind, but
The mind to such things at your age is shut:
Yet time to a young maiden soon arrives
To teach the ecstasy of lovers' lives:
Could you but see him, Evan, Evan Græme!"—
And more would she have rav'd upon the theme,
When they arriv'd at the huge stepping-blocks,
That serv'd to pass a torrent 'midst its rocks;
An ancient well-known pedlar they outwent,
Who greeted them with many a compliment.
His loaded pack lay on the landing place,
Well stor'd with needles, ribbons, trinkets, lace:
He lav'd his ankles in the cool retreat:
The trouts swam round, and glid beneath his feet.

"Now Donald Blue, all hail! a welcome friend
To every maid who wages has to spend.
Gay morrow to thee, Donald, best of Blues,
Where hast thou lagg'd all Spring? proclaim thy news."

"May fair befall your faces, virgins true!
Or purs'd or penniless, to Donald Blue

You're alway welcome: those that have a mind
May buy my wares; if not, I rest resign'd."

"You're weary, you have stray'd through green
Glenvhoir;
Tell us your tidings thence, ere we do more."

Quoth Donald, "There are news indeed to bring:
The country is in tears, the grey rocks ring
With wail; folk hang the head and look adown;—
All for a famous youth, one of renown,
Who met his death in such a form of fear,
Its semblance hath not chanc'd for many a year.
It seems, they miss'd their lambs; and, with long
search,
They found with toil the fox's bird-like perch,
Within a cliff upon the upright front
Of high Benminster, where the lofty mount
Falls plumb three thousand feet. A narrow ledge,
Per'lous, with little more than twelve-inch edge,
Led to the creature's den; they form a class
Of eager youths, who climb by path and pass
The realm of hills behind:—one of the band,
A noted cragsman, ventur'd out of hand,
And, gain'd the hold, displac'd the pestlike swarm;
They thought he should return, but skaith or harm.
On the retrace, sideling with straight foot slow,
H' exclaims, "I'm giddy:" momently they know

The fearful danger, and they call, for life,
To count the daisy petals on the cliff;
But instant he was out of sight and sound:
Those from below beheld him twice turn round
In upper air; then with augmented press
Prone to the earth he flies, and in due space
To the green vale arrives; they could not guess
Which of the venturesome compeers it was;
They see a heap of bloody muscle quite,
Art'ries and joints discover'd, cruel sight!
The solid earth shook round, the pebbles jingled,
And man's and fox's bones in death are mingled.

Young Moraig breathless turn'd, and her friend
found
Sunk on the sward, and glaring on the ground.
"Tell me his name," she faintly whisp'ring said.
The speaker saw the waste his tale had made,
And, dubious of the issue, hesitates;
But, urg'd to break suspense, further relates:—
"From too authentic source I have his name,
And, without doubting, it was—Evan Græme."

THE ANSWER OF THE ANGLER.

The firm devoted girl, therefore, mark,
Bound for the ferry, minded to embark
For Scottish continent, that favour'd land,
Which, oft she heard, all excellence contain'd.
She companied the pedlar, Donald Blue,
To the communion rite, with rev'rence due;
Waited the Lykewake's* tumult, late and rathe,
Of the fair couple, wedded now in death;
Witness'd, sedate, their mournful funeral,
Th' observance of religious festival,
The concourse, pressure, ceremony, dress;—
But such the wanton levity, alas!
And giddy conduct of the graceless throng,
Their unmeet carriage those grave rites among,
Pollutions of delirious drunkenness,—
That Moraig, hoping little fruitfulness

* *Lykewake*, watching of the corpse by night.

Upon the subject of her high debate,
Scar'd and disgusted, made a swift retreat;
Intent to seek that God 'mong other ways,
She fail'd to find within her native seas.
The parents of her fate made inquest small,
And no attempt to stop her or recal.

Behold her then once more upon the route,
Sprung from her heath'ry couch with healthful
foot,
That spurns the turf, while the dawn's window-
shutter
Is op'd by th' eastern star at swallow twitter:
The hill-tops in head-gear superb ornate,
White, thin, and beauteous mists, but which dilate
With melting glow under the growing sun,
Vapour and dew absorbing, which at noon
Shall glare, e'en as in foul and airless alley,
With fervid reflex in the shadeless valley.

The reveries of morn past from the stage,
Mid-day weighs like the loads of middle age.
The child, fatigued with heat, smil'd when she dropp'd
'Mid verdant oaken forest, where she hop'd
To sport among the waters, frigid, clear,
Whose cat'ract music met her willing ear.
Within a woody theatre around,
The vast white torrent boils with deaf'ning sound;

On the steam rising 'mid the mass of boughs,
Obedient to the sun an Iris grows,
That beautifies the ghastly caldron flood;
The rorid mists descend on the green wood,
And wet its pensile leaves, cooling the ground,
And scorched roots, with shade delicious round.

Upon the torrent's broad and rocky pave,
An angler plied his trade, O pastime grave!
Whom she accosts in her accustom'd strain:—
" Know'st thou of God?" But he, startled again,
Fearing her affable hallucination
Might interrupt his earnest occupation,
Exclaims, " I now have life upon my line,
" And must not in momentous converse join;
" The road to the main ferry leads up through
" The Pass,—and keep well to the right; Adieu."
Moraig refrains, and, with a sidelong peep,
Sees finny monster from the surface leap,
And leap, as summon'd still by magic breath,
Winding in spheres, toiling himself to death.
Th' inveigler, vigilant, now gives out line,
With wary eye, and touch expert and fine;—
The reel revolves, and does like lightning fly:
Now winds he up, with nice dexterity,
The quarry, snar'd with but a yielding hair,
That bide the shock of tension may not dare,
A capillary gut, he finds self-slaughter,
In his own desp'rate efforts 'mid the water.

The musing child considers, without strife,
A salmon scarcely worth eternal life :
Untaught the Word, she could not then explain
Of gospel net, and guileless catch of men.

For naked altitudes this verdant scene
Moraig loth changing, quits its sylvan green ;
And up the bends of eagle-paths for miles,
With the speed of a mountaineer she toils :
Ridges precipitous she mounts elate,
And mural fronts fraught with o'erhanging fate,
Till at high table-land arriv'd, her heart
Quails at the distance, and home far dispart ;
But hope, full and enchanting, soothes her mind,
And sheds assurance that she yet shall find
A more than mother, husband, sire, or priest :
"Where God is, home is," rests her mental feast.

Now enters she a fenny morass wide,
Extending like a sea from side to side.
All forms within the tow'ring tract are vast,
In shapes gigant, and mountain models cast ;
And a grim wilderness, a land of dearth,
Seems to pervade and cover all the earth.
Unseen along th' illimitable moor,
Man seems reduc'd in stature as in power :
Mid Nature's royal grandeur He alone
Walks as a King, who sets His lofty throne

In the high heavens, amid immensity,
That man's eye, so far reaching, cannot pry.

The cool wet marsh kisses her weary feet,
Not undelightfully; for, chaf'd with heat,
The greedy foot of man fresh moisture prizes,
And at soft ease, like waterfowl, rejoices;
But, ended soon the pleasure, she moves on
Into the savage wild, bleak, hideous, brown.
Far as eyes reach no green blade she beheld,
No growth, save rugged, twisted heath unbell'd;
No bird-song, nor the voice of cattle rife,
Nor buzz of fly, nor sounds of stirring life;
Vitality is indicated dull,
By reptile insects in the slimy pool;
There is no breath, nor breeze, nor tree, nor twig,
Nor human vestige seen for many a league;
The proud sun plants his ray with warmth severe,
As the lone damsel plods the desert drear.

Yet was her soul not gloomy, nor despond
Her spirit did, but ponder'd things beyond
An infant's fancy: buoy'd with innate strength,
She judg'd she should seize her reward at length
In hand: her glorious features, meek the while,
Shed intellect, and beam'd an angel's smile.
And now, o'ercome with pensive muse, she sighs,
Lonesome, yet not alone;—He in the skies;

Her dearer Sire, imprints her as His own,
And laps around her safety, though unknown ;
And had the prophet's menial found his eye
Heaven salv'd, as once in Dothan, he might spy,
Perchance, in this sad spot, cherubim bend
Around the child with fervour of a friend.

THE ANSWER OF THE HUNTER, AND OF THE SHEPHERD.

Deject at length with those black doleful plains,
And rueful roaming in the triste domains
Of nothingness, Moraig felt hunger's twinge,
And joy'd in semblance of a gradual change
From scenes that her young mind with sadness
  smote,
And dug the sepulchre of pleasant thought.
She issues soon on lovelier aspects round—
Green pastures, woody vales; picture jocund!
Where cultivation wide before her springs,
And where the smiling glebe embellish'd sings
Of the adorning hand of man, that aids
Heaven's primal bounty amid fertile glades.

But ere into this paradise she pass'd,—
So seem'd in contrast with the joyless waste,—
She found a spectacle which most obtain'd
Where desert verges to the cultur'd land.

In a defile which dwarfish copses veil,
At head remote of a rich spacious dale,
She dropp'd by chance, before she could recoil,
On a deer-stalker, lurking for his spoil.
Close couch'd beneath a jutting rock he sat;
His hounds cow'r'd at his heels, tongue-tied, spread
flat;
A seven-barrell'd piece between his feet:
At morning dawn, his patient watch was set.
The game, so sensitive, at distance shy
Stay their slim feet; nor can his practis'd eye
Catch of their dun coats winking glance or dazzle,
Or spy their antlers shadowing 'mid the hazel.
Though undismay'd, and trusting his reward,
Yet is he captious to preserve his guard;
Frets at what may his privacy betray,
Fiercely repels whate'er can scare the prey.
Hence he debars the simple maid's approach,
And waves her back, with silent eye-reproach;
Incens'd more than th' occasion might demand,
With postures vehement and urgent hand,
He signal makes that she her steps retrace,
And yield his secret haunt the amplest space;
And the bland child obeys with soft retreat,
Circling a range of miles to screen his beat.

Baffled at every point, a thought impress'd
Itself, half-form'd, in her untutor'd breast.

Marvel, that mind of man should ceaseless flame
So fervent and tenacious in its aim!
So zealous on the ends that end with time,
But purposeless beyond earth's hovel clime!
Childlike th' imperfect sentiment, for slight
Of large eternity her embryo wit;
But, had it been her lot to study man,—
Not reason's pleasures only in the van,
Not seemly business foremost in the strife,
Had been seen track'd as if for death or life;—
But fleeting forms of folly, light, perchance,
As motes that without rule in sunbeams dance.

'Tis man's to cleave to purpose, and persis
In callings rational and wise, with zest;
The springs of genuine pleasure to frequent,
Unalloy'd mirth, effective, permanent,
That tell through the whole year;—but not unwoo'd,
And unobtain'd, to leave his chiefest Good.

By reason's strength did the mild sage* adjudge
The vapoury power to be man's slave and drudge:
For human use did Afric's† ranger roam
His melancholy round, and spurn'd his home,
On toilsome quest, from sultry plain to plain,
To find a river for his country's gain:

* James Watt. † Mungo Park.

The seaman* prov'd the Pole involv'd in pile
Of unapproached ice; and ancient Nile
Confess'd his secret to a Briton's ear;†
And Tell and Wallace sold their life blood dear,
All for their sweet nativity's acclaim,
T' exalt their land, and swell her boasted name:
Benignant Howard sifted Sorrow's realm,
And through new straits inclin'd Love's searching helm:
These demigods stretch'd every nerve of thought,
Brac'd every mortal faculty, and brought
Struggle to the occasion, stern contest,—
And in man's grateful eulogy are blest;
Yet were their aims fleeting as rainbow's arch,
Squar'd with the substance of young Moraig's search.

Now down the vale she drops, and though she fasted,
Her firm frame neither sank, nor was exhausted:
The spirit, from gross natural function freed,
Became the more ethereal, fit to feed
On Nature's imagery, and to roam
Fancy's romantic kingdoms as at home.
So Newton, on a diet man despises,
Pried Nature's mystic laws, and seiz'd his prizes.
The glowing west melts the rich foliage, roll'd
In beauteous medley of gay green and gold;

* Ross. † Bruce of Kinnaird.

Th' exhilarating beams radiant invest
The verdant uplands on the mountain's breast;
When on the dusty way she overtook
Stout Fergus Phail, urging a scanty flock,
His own, bought with his coin at morning gleam:
Proud of his precious purchase,—worthy theme
Of well-deserved praise,—he stalks behind
His charge, meek-fac'd, yet roving as the wind;
Intent with crooked staff, and noisy whoop,
To keep the fleecy ramblers in one troop.

But ere he is aware, one malcontent,
To gain his former mates and pastures bent,
Starts from the road, and up the hill-side hies.
Fergus his toil to stay the remnant plies;
And faithful Bran springs forth with eager sounds,
As up the steep the woolly rebel bounds,
To cross the favouring heights aloft, and clear:
The shaggy colly hangs upon his rear.
Though check'd their furious pace, and overspent
Their force in the precipitous ascent;
Yet over bush and briar they range and ride,
And rocky fragments, up the mountain's side.
Fergus, with hand and voice, unchang'd his place,
And shrilly whistle, cheers and guides the chase.

Bustled, embroil'd in these solicitudes,
The drover Moraig's questions promptly eludes,
And did in truth evince no interest,
But to regain his lost, and keep the rest.

His eye, with longing look, follows the hunt;
The wily dog, tenaciously as wont,
To his instinctive duty firmly cleaves;
And though th' impetuous fugitive inweaves
Himself into another flock that join'd
His passage on the hill, and there combin'd,
Like drop in well, yet the sagacious ranger
From out the throng picks the intruding stranger;
With discipline of worry, bite, and bark,
Reclaims the runagate to the right mark.

THE ANSWER OF THE FERRYMAN.

The maid toward the ferry station hies,
With rallied step, ere night involve the skies.
Arriv'd at summit of the winding road,
Sudden appears, like white sheet spread abroad,
The ocean :—forthwith every faculty
Is fortified and fill'd with inward joy;
She seems as if return'd to home, sweet home;
For though her father's cot is distant from
This shore by th' island's breadth, yet the great
    main
To all her household feelings doth pertain;
And whether mirror-smooth, ruffled, or wild,
Is still the kinsman of the sea-born child.

The ferry she descries at two leagues' reach,
And, fast descending, claims the well known beach,—
White, cheerful, barren, Nature's pebbled walk,
Circling in sandy bays, that seem'd to lock
The sea into the land, and now beset
By fleet of fishing skiffs, with purple net

In drapery from the yards depending light,
In wavy lines of beauty; graceful sight!
The briny speculum reflects the ships,
And reek that from each tiny kitchen creeps;
The pregnant tide pellucid fills each spot;
The yellow sands invite each bather's foot;
The flounder flat seems to the bottom nail'd,
Brown-back'd, and crimson-spotted, till, assail'd
By boy from heeling gunwale, straight with motion
Of lightning glides into the depths of ocean.
Moraig proceeds along the winding shore,
And gains, soon after dark, the ferry door;
And that with haste, for in the varying clime
Dark streaks around the sun betoken'd time
Of change, and a black teeming thunder-cloud
Began the welkin and the stars to shroud.

The pastoral inn was throng'd with many a guest,
Who with the tide to take the ferry press'd:
The wherry rode from shore a furlong out,
Of Greenock make, and clincher built and stout,
With two tall masts provided: in her hold
Meantime are forty rams and wethers told.
The cabaret boasts one spacious room, no more;
The fire blaz'd in the centre of its floor,
Lighting a miscellaneous concourse wide,
That various seats and stations occupied.
Bright glanc'd the plates on wall: at the main board,

With bread and cheese and whisky mutchkins stor'd,
Six Lowland dealers sat, in jack-boot strong,
And heavy horseman's coat; and, these among,
An humble train of Celtic salesmen mix,
Not uninur'd to trade and trading tricks;
Besides, a loose attendance interwove
Of those who monied men and money love;
The business whisper murmur'd, or not nice
Ejaculation at the greed of price.
Some rosy maidens huddle round the grate,
As near as sleeping dogs afford a seat,
Their basket creels of fowls and eggs lie near:
The shepherd youth and boatmen close adhere,
With flirt and jest, and strive to break their ring
With rude caress, and rustic romping fling;
Shov'd from their creepy stools, they reinstate
Themselves 'mid merriment and laughter great.

Apart a dame sat of superior sort,
In silken garb attir'd, and her escort,—
One who might be her menial or her child,—
A black-eyed girl, of tranquil air and mild,
With a contented, plump, and beauteous face:
The lady, with a slight hauteur, the place
Of worship holds, and rev'rence gains from all,
Return'd with a politeness punctual.

The thoughtful landlord, who was pilot too,
Went in and out the state of tide to view,

And classify the luggage and the wares;
And something seem'd to justify his cares:
He ey'd the zenith oft, did much address
Simon his man to keep from festive glass.
The gudewife, with her purfled cambric snood,
And ample features, had word blithe and good
For all; alert and cheery, doth not stint
The measure of the frequent pewter pint.
Talk, mirth, and cheerfulness pervade the crew,
And free libations of the mountain dew,
Which might be somewhat dangerous hereafter;
But now all is courageous fun and laughter.

The rattling, roaring Lowland chapmen strive,
Loud and vociferous, their sales to drive;
Exclaim, as if they spoke to steers stallborn:
The Celts, more polish'd of address, return
Complaisant answers to detracting sneers,
And vilipending of their woolly wares.

Sometimes a maid will sing a madrigal,
That for the martial pibroch tempts a call;
In midst of which the droich* M'Nab, buffoon,
Doth slily blow the sleeping piper's drone,
And raise vile discord, and a swine-like groan,
Which makes the rugged race to fidge and roar
With boist'rous mirth; moreover did ensure

* *Droich*, a dwarf (Gaelic).

From crooked crummy of the awaken'd bard,
On droich's thick shoulder-blades, a just reward.
This cross-grain'd imp, a dwarf of froward mien,
Of average human reason lack'd a grain;
Was peevish and morose; but serv'd for hoot
Of waggery, and stood its jest and butt;
And to the sport jocose, the dwarf did spite
Throw back, and, when he safely could, would bite.

The children of the house sweetly repos'd,
Bedded around the walls, not discompos'd
By noisiest sounds, for use is resolute,
And human bent t'adapt itself and suit:
All but one wakeful idiot girl, half bare,
Who rounds the room with vacant laugh and stare,
Dangling her slender fingers, and her chatter,
Like parrot's, waxes with the general clatter.

And now all parties eagerly pursue
Pleasure or business, with no fixed view
That any other world than this succeeds.
The general hum of colloquy proceeds;
The dealers clamour, the dames stately rest,
The maidens titter while their sweethearts jest;
The idiot drivels, and the dwarf imp screams,
The gudewife fills the whisky o'er the brims;—
When swift a lurid glare the night reveals,
Instant extinguish'd, and fell thunder-peals

Immediate following, shake the firm homestead,
And seem to rattle ruin overhead.
All, all is hush; anxious solicitude
And aching sadness on each face intrude:
The door opes wide just at the moment wild,
And stalks into the midst a noble child.
'Tis Moraig! and her look seems of command;
A leafless branch supports her outstretch'd hand,
From which the drapery of her plaid retir'd;
And with a lofty glance, almost inspir'd,
Cries, "Know ye God!" and straightway doth
    present
The course of problems in her wonted bent.
"Whose voice is this," she saith, "that rings abroad
So solemn, if it is not that of God?"
Th' assemblage, awe-struck, and as if ensnar'd,
Kept utter silence for a space, and fear'd;
Uneasy is their thought till risk be pass'd,
And every sign of God and death effac'd.
The skilful hostess speaks with dext'rous parry,
"My bonny lady, welcome to the ferry;
If from Glenvhoir, hungry I'm sure and weary.
Of what is ours, sit down, and free partake;
We hail you for the glorious Giver's sake."
"I've fasted long," quoth Moraig, "and, indeed,
My body hungers, yet my soul would feed
Upon forbidden fare; my mind is blind,
And hopeless craves for that it cannot find;

Be merciful to me, and if your art
Teach what and where He is, tell to my heart."

Solemn the scene, but wish'd all, without pause,
Her carriage to ascribe to frenzy's cause.
Yet quietness dwelt upon her lips; her eye,
Although in radiant pomp it might outvie,
Express'd no other excess than the sway
That daring intellect will still convey.
The dwarf uncouth, appearing to adore,
Prostrates the remnant of his mind before
Her loftier nature, settling at her feet:
And in the idiot maid, seem'd as the seat
Of soul within her breast were occupied—
Long tenantless; and that her face betray'd
Among its features wisdom manifest,
As, soft and silent, she withdrew to rest.

Nevertheless, all this solemnity,
Forc'd and upheld with pain, right soon pass'd by.
Business and sport their wonted sway resum'd,
And Moraig, with fatigue and toil consum'd,
After a temp'rate morsel drops to rest,
Sunk on the couch a sleeping infant press'd.
The dreaming babe, judging its mother near,
Enlocks its little hands within her hair;
Both sweetly sleep, brac'd in alternate arm,
Noted of the kind Heavens, and blest from harm.

The song and festive glass for hours enliven,
Till the tide turn, and then the signal's given;
The cry, "To quay! to quay!—to boat!" doth wax
And every one prepares himself, and packs
His lighter wares and raiment of the road,—
The heavy luggage is already stow'd.
The various train move to the water's edge,
Some eye the sickly moon, and much presage
And much discuss difference of wind and weather;
Full thirty souls enter the punts together,
Destin'd the motley company to carry,
And dogs and fish-creels to the larger wherry.
Simon the mate, inebriated reels
Among the billows, while his master feels
Pang of mistrust: "For oft," does he complain,
"I've chang'd my folk for whisky's cause, in vain."

Within the vessel now the throng embark'd,
Settled in seat, but elder pilgrims mark'd
Two reefs in the set mainsail, and look grave:
The gudewife calls her farewell, and doth wave
Her kerchief of adieu; but th' idiot maid
Sends forth a piercing wail, which some, afraid,
Cred'lous conceive an omen bad, and fraught
With ill prognostic of their destin'd lot.
The anchor soon atrip is quickly weigh'd,
And gib and foresail to the breeze display'd.

The canvass stiffens; and the pilot now
Knows tug of rudder, and the beat of prow,
Which indicate the bark is gathering motion
To plough amain the sombre depths of ocean.

The vessel stands to sea, intent to gain
The adverse station on the Scottish main.
Most of the throng address them as they may
To drowse and slumber till the break of day.
Young Moraig seats her at the pilot's back,
And while the ship leans on her larboard tack,
And all is silent save the ocean stream,
She sets herself to converse on her theme.
The seaman owns the subject was not sought
As truth and justice claim it should be taught,
But poverty he pled in this respect,
And ignorance, the mother of neglect.
Press'd on his allegation and pretence,
He shrewdly makes escape by reference
Unto the priestly guardian of the fold:
But most of all to Allan Rannoch old
Refers—a bard, the Highlands knew him well,
For none like him could raise the pibroch's swell.
Of second sight possess'd, with rare emotion
He breath'd the songs of Fingal and of Ossian;
He sang all martial feats of antique fight,
Where the blue waves of Ullin roll in light;
Of ancient feuds of Scotch and Irish kings,
And of the flap of mystic eagles' wings;

Of white-arm'd princesses, and feasts of shells,
And regal Ossian's godlike harp, that tells,
In seraph poesy, of glorious heaven,
Where to brave warriors deceas'd 'twas given
To sport amidst the clouds, exempt from harm,
The stars dim twinkling through their radiant form;
Where souls of heroes, and their spectre hounds,
Still chas'd the deer in the celestial bounds,
And quaff'd nectareous juice with heav'nly mirth,
Their corpses lying in the caves of earth.
If Moraig would but wander to his cell,
The feast of knowledge would reward her well:
Of things past or to come, of sprites or men,
Little is hid from Allan Rannoch's ken.

With such and similar ill-season'd prate
The night had well nigh pass'd, at rapid rate
The vessel nears the shore, within two miles;
The skilful steersman knows a tempest boils
In embryo in the sky, but thought to end
The voyage ere its turbulence descend;
Appall'd he therefore spied, by glimpse of moon
Now wan'd and almost set, appearance grown
Into reality, cross course of squalls
Aloft, and boding atmospheric brawls.
The vessel near'd the currents and lee-shore,
Where heavy swells and per'lous breakers roar.
He calls the boy on outlook at the prow
To stand by the foresail, to lower and stow;

He rous'd the drowsy Simon for this need,
The sail is taken down and stow'd with speed.
He then commands to have the lines untied
That bind the gib and mainsail to the side,
To be held safe in hand, and swift go free
When the swell'd sail strains to extremity.

As bouzy Simon doz'd glimmer'd the day,
And the craft enter'd a tremendous sea;
She pitches frightfully up to the heaven,
And then down in the gulphy trough is driven;
Sudden and cross and fearful squalls unite;
Yet all had ended well, when in a fright,
A lowland landman woke, and to his flask
Applied, and eke did faithless Simon ask
To share the dram; the reckless drunkard bound
His tackle fast, although hell yawn'd around;
And ere he had revisited his post,
The prow, by some mischance impell'd, had cross'd
The wind's track, and the furious tempest plied
The total mainsail from the adverse side;
When the huge boom, revolving with a swing,
Did on her beam ends prone the vessel sling.
A moment and no longer there she stay'd,
A cross surge thund'ring on the keel then made
Havoc complete; hope dies by stern decree,
And all are spilt into the murderous sea.

Let this suffice: all perished, save one.
This night of fate and horror stood alone,
It was not number'd in the calendar
Like others of the boon and genial year;
But held as darkness, and the shade of death—
A night of bitter wail; for far beneath
The sea-wave lay those that had liv'd and lov'd ;-
A night of woe, whose light as darkness prov'd.

THE ANSWER OF THE MINISTER.

UPON the southern tract of Britain's coast,
Some years before this date, a ship was lost,
A child alone was safely ferried o'er,
Buoy'd on a sheep unto the neighbouring shore.
You ask, was Moraig saved ? Thank Heaven ! yes.
And how ? Just by the self-same means as this.—
When pitch'd from high among the waves austere,
Experienc'd swimmer, conscious of no fear,
She floated like a cork, although benumb'd
Her senses by the shock, perplext and dumb,
The troublous yell that pierc'd the tempest's roar
With final woe, her deafen'd organs tore.
The woolly people swam the wreck all round,
And without seeming consciousness, she found
Herself instinctively close wedg'd between
Two lusty rams, amid the hurricane.
She caught the gentle creatures round the breast,
And to her sides their fleecy mantles press'd ;

The swimmers rise robust upon the tide,
And led by sight and scent but farther guide,
Made for the shore, with little time or toil,
And land fair Moraig safely on the soil.
She knew some Hand had, with selecting love,
Cull'd her from out the throng of death, and wove
A chain of kindness, never more to part;
But whence, remain'd a mystery to her heart.

Thus set on ancient Caledonia's strand,
Moraig look'd round, and view'd the rugged land,
Stern, bare, and bleak; she augur'd much amiss
Of th' entering prospects of her fancied bliss.
Where are the glorious streams that roll like seas;
The church-like ships, that swarm with every breeze;
The chieftains' thousand castles, and their woods;
The cities vast that pour their folk like floods;
The ancient minsters and proud halls, the haunt
Of wisdom—all that mankind wish or want?
Lie such within this barren precinct? No:
Mine own dear isle excels it far, I trow.
Yet hope within her bosom, like a fount
Sprung up by engine, stay'd her mind to mount
And cope with opposition, in pursuit
Of that high learning which is wisdom's root.

'Twould irk to tell of Moraig's pilgrimage,
And wandering, winding range, from stage to stage,

Across the hilly north of Albyn's soil;
The chances of encouragement or broil,
Of bland support, miscarriage, or defeat
She encounter'd. One short passage we relate.—
Upon a genial summer's day she strake
On borders of a small and peaceful lake;—
It lies like* silver salver 'mid the hills,
With banks so delicate, the trav'ller feels
The mem'ry rise of Westmoreland's soft meres,
More than the shaggy mark bleak Scotia bears.
An unpretending mansion middle stood
In garden, cultur'd trim, and brightest hued
Of orange, violet, of green and white,
A burgomaster envied had the sight.
A walk along the lake approach'd the place,
Which sweetbriar, roses, honeysuckle grace.
The cooling wave the lazy kine prefer;
Up to the knees, all in the noonday glare,
With rugged front, but small and sightly limbs,
They seem to sleep amid the flaring beams.
A throng of geese swam the majestic tank,
Two noble swans elate adorn the flank
Of the web-footed company, they arch
The proud white neck upon their watery march,
Ruffle their snowy plumage as in scorn,
To rival the bright lucid mists of morn.

* Hall's Travels.

The apple and the cherry tree abound,
Blent with exotic bushes all around;
The wild eye of the little mountaineer
Revel'd in pleasure amid greenhouse gear,
Where varying pink, geranium's scarlet dye,
And blue campanula together vie;
Or where the fuchsia's petal'd gem appears
Of slender shape, like royal beauty's tears.
Her untaught sense saw lux'ry first divulg'd,
Cherish'd the soft perception, and indulg'd.

Now had she glimpse expectant to attain
The knowledge she had coveted in vain.
The owner of the elegant retreat,
With lore refin'd and various skill replete,
To quests and topics common wit beyond
Could like a gifted oracle respond.
And being seiz'd of morbid malady,
His thoughts might border on eternity,
Even did not his office ceaseless call
That in this track his frequent musings fall.
In brief, the wreck of genius, learning, taste,
To quit this charming home for aye, made haste.

Arriv'd, the child was usher'd to a dame,
Whose outward plausibility might claim
The style of lady of the mansion fair,
But menial office only was her share.

Care sat on her creas'd brow; she anxious waits
Th' approach of strangers lingering at the gates,
And in the moment's hurry thrust the maid
Into an inner room which seem'd to lead
Farther to chamber gorgeously array'd,
But darken'd mournfully to deepest shade.
Never had Moraig's eye structure beheld
So sumptuous, or such stately forms reveal'd;
And as no swindler beggar she appear'd,
Her pleasing mien a brief access conferr'd.

Meanwhile the welcome visitors arriv'd,
And to the outmost parlour are receiv'd
With worship and respect; one of them sate
An elder of the church, the other mate
Was a sage member of the healing art,
And an immediate earnest talk they start
Upon the patient in the sick room laid,
And the medicaments for him purvey'd;
And certain cheering cordial draughts in chief
The female wont to give for his relief,
But which the scrupulous elder wish'd restrain'd
On sundry pleas; but mainly he complain'd
That malcontents, a wide and pow'rful league,
Did so with mob and populace intrigue,
The twitted presbyt'ry must now arrange
Procedure on the case, and force a change.
Himself, worn out, had view'd the tempest brewing,
And toil'd to prop affairs from utter ruin.

To this the dame made answer,—that, in short,
The major part of that same reverend court
Err'd in like kind as this: that without strife,
The draught was now an exigent of life.
Withheld, so kindled was the patient's ire,
Nought hinders but he sets the house on fire.
For, press'd with his unutterable cravings,
He fills the atmosphere with wrath and ravings,
And weak in frame, yet ever thus distraught,
New strength and fury by his nerves are caught.
In sooth 'twas perilous for drudge or nurse
To bide his maniac rage, and angry curse.

The doctor 'gan to say, mortal disease
Had seiz'd the sick man now without surcease;
It matter'd not whether he bouse or guttle,
To moribunds their diet 'vails but little.
Yet, if true counsel in morbosity
Is sought, methinks no straight necessity
Exists for this same cheering cordial; but—
And here at once his learned mouth was shut,
Hinder'd by low and inarticulate sounds
Emerging from the darken'd chamber's bounds,
Increasing, then suspending, spasms of speech,
Next loud talk borne up to excessive pitch,
And long drawn, hollow and unearthly groans,
Denote a human being woke in moans
From stupor into sharpest woe, alace!
To madness gor'd in seven devils' chase,

And drawn to covet with intense desire
Strong drink as with a diabolic fire.
And "Whisky, whisky!" is the fearful name,
And, "Fetch it, fetch it! were it hot hell's flame!
I perish, murder, fetch it or I die!"
And the bed shiver'd with the agony,
While shrieks of corporal anguish rent the air,
And phrase of mental horror ill to bear.

Poor Moraig, stunn'd in this unusual scene,
Where she had hop'd tranquillity serene,
And holiness unstain'd, should hold their seat,
With heavenly wisdom in the still retreat,
Quiver'd with fear, scar'd and outrag'd to find
The sacred banner of the skies entwin'd
With sin in fell communion. Up she sprung,
And at the open window forth her flung,
Bolt through the casement, without farther note,
And left in swiftest flight the fearful spot.
Th' embellished garden, and the verdant lawn,
The mansion, and delib'rating divan,
Are soon thrown into distance, and the grass
Of the green hill-side bends beneath her pace;
And in the odious stead of heinous sound
The harmless plover's quer'lous note is found,
And the brook's stilly prate from stage to stage,
Now cheers her in her onward pilgrimage.

THE ANSWER OF THE SAINT.

When will this inquest end? the reader 'plains;
Lo! six times we're beguil'd, and doubt remains
Upon the breast of the exploring child.
Yet once more, and an answer it shall yield.
But how impossible 'tis to pourtray
Th' august results, or lucidly convey
What flows from knowledge of the King of kings,
What lofty sequels such disclosure brings!
No human hand can trace the picture. Why?
The issues in their farther tendence lie
Beyond the veil that shrouds the triple sky.
Grace in the soul of man begins below
Slenderly like a thread—men scantly know
Th' attenuate tube that drains the oil of joy
In droplets of delight; but in the sky
Grace bursts to glory in a gorgeous course,
Contiguous Godhead is its searchless source.

The summer it had pass'd, the harvest clos'd,
The question unresponded to, or gloss'd
At best with what no answer is in sooth,
An idle, dangerous mockery of the truth
Moraig at length in city walls is stay'd,
An antiquated suburb in the shade
Of winter sunset, when the yellow leaf
With pebbles of the pave is frozen stiff.
Needs not to tell the marvel of the child
At novel sight of story on story pil'd.
But in the chilly corner of a street
An aged female 'twas her chance to meet,
A noble dame, attir'd in such a sort,
As with her gentle station did comport;
Whom she address'd in her unveering mode—
" Illustrious lady, knowest thou of God?
I search, but find Him not, on every hand;
Lady, He rests unknown in all my land."
The gentlewoman paus'd, her visage mild,
Benignant and subdued, had cheer'd the child.
The question put, she started with surprise,
So new, yet so momentous, in her eyes
The problem rose, for oft her soul had glow'd
With struggle, in the searchings deep of God.
For this a Saint was of the royal line,
Anointed with an unction all divine;
Not counterfeit and false, but genuine gold.
Such are call'd saints in scorn, and daily sold

To slight and odium,—Puritans nicknam'd,
Reproach'd, despis'd, discredited, defam'd.
And true it is, full many false ones cant;
None live all pure; yet woe to them who taunt
The genuine sanctitudes of holy life,
Under pretence hypocrisy is rife.
The Heavens shall laugh at them, that final hour,
When modish earth no longer sits in power,
And hell shrinks to its base.—But to renew.

Recover'd prompt, the Countess strains her view,
Fixes her gaze on Moraig's face, and pries
Into the sweet recesses of her eyes,
To judge if real lunacy or feign'd,
Lurk'd in their secret caves; but only reign'd
A deep seen earnestness and solemn peace.
She questioned her with many a question; yes:
She put her on the rack, but truth doth last
Like threefold steel, and spurns the furnace blast.
Involv'd in deepest thought, she stood engross'd,
In the amazing colloquy all lost,
Forgetful of her age, and winter's bite;
But aching joints and limbs at length did cite
Adjournment to her home, and having found
Young Moraig true, sincere in mind, and sound,
Her gen'rous heart, with love and pity swelling,
She fix'd the youthful wand'rer in her dwelling.

And now upon the mind that dwelt in night
Refulgent gleams a new and glorious light,
The unfictitious tidings are divulg'd
That were of certain fact by God promulg'd:
The questionless, authentic record solv'd,
No more in mixtures counterfeit dissolv'd;
No more explain'd away, dissembled smooth,
But radiant and majestic, genuine truth.
And not propounded by bold hirelings base,
A shuffling, venal, mercenary race,
Whose knowledge is but ignorance of Christ,
But by an owner of the pearl unpric'd,
Vers'd in the struggles of the narrow road;
Yea, by the eternal teaching Spirit of God.
The attributes divine are plain disclos'd,
Heaven's order and economy propos'd;
No desultory rule, indulgence loose,
And unconcern, to serve as sin's excuse;
But what is worthy of the real God,
With mercy, doubtless, as with wrath endow'd;
Of fiery justice, as of yielding love,
A gracious mystery of both to prove.

Was shewn Emmanuel's glory, how it glares
On guilty man's atrocities, and bares
His microscopic sins in their true size,
Horrid and odious shapes in Heaven's eyes.

The infant sinner wakes ere 'tis too late
On all the terror of her natural state;
Compares herself with Sinai's law, and finds
All wanting, all safe footing gone, and minds
The gulph she judged at distance infinite,
Now yawning at her feet, full in her sight;
Where souls are irretrievably enwomb'd,
And in escapeless horror live entomb'd.
And while, with faithful clasp, she clutches in
The blade into her inmost breast of sin,
By the same faith she grasps, with sweet control,
The Saviour's bleeding bosom to her soul.

And on the radiant Rock of Ages stay'd,
Did she forget her island's darkling shade?
Indubitably no; she must entreat
With achings of the heart and contest great.
And it will be surmis'd, the Heavens heard
The patriot infant's pleadings, and conferr'd
In fitting time, a seasonable meed,
A boon complete, an endless grant indeed.
God of the scorned Righteous he descended,
And graciously His elect ones befriended.
And in that isle was heard the voice of mirth
Celestial, not from Satan, nor of earth;
And harvest for the heavenly husbandman
Was reap'd, and gracious times of blessing ran.

The ransom'd did return, with ceaseless joy,
In multitudes to God; and their employ
Of thanksgiving made vocal all the vales,
Re-echoed in soft homage by the gales,
To be reverberate still in heavenly mansions high,
And by responsive angels 'mid the joyous sky.

FINIS.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory

DRINKING USAGES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The following are Extracts from general Reviews and other sources (not exclusively Temperance,) regarding this and former Editions.

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"This truly valuable work ought to be in the hands of every friend of the temperance cause."—*Ibid.* (Second notice.)

"We have before had occasion to notice the persevering and successful exertions of John Dunlop, Esq., in reference to the various drinking usages which prevail throughout the empire. We believe that the valuable efforts of Mr. D., in the cause of temperance—in the cause of teetotalism—are well understood and duly appreciated in every part of the kingdom and we have no hesitation in recommending the book for diligent and serious perusal. He has examined into the subject with the persevering curiosity of an antiquary, with the benevolent anxiety of a philanthropist, and the unwearied zeal of a Christian."—*London Temperance Examiner.*

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"John Dunlop, Esq., *the founder of the first Temperance Society in Great Britain,* was very appropriately called to the chair (at the meeting of delegates, to institute the Total Abstinence Union of Scotland)."—*Isle of Man Guardian.*

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"The following very appropriate extract from a late work of J. Dunlop, Esq., was here read (extract from the pamphlet). The meeting then listened to a 'Eulogy on Eminent Scotsmen.'—'The only other living Scotsman whom I shall take leave to notice, is Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock.'"—*Report of Meeting on St. Andrew's Day (Canada Temperance Advocate).*

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I more and more admire your unwearied perseverance in the momentous cause to which you have so long, and so consecutively devoted your time and talents and it is my earnest desire that your benevolent exertions may be productive of the happy effects to which they seem so steadily tending. You have, in my judgment, evinced in your valuable work considerable skill in the logical arrangement of the extraordinary and multifarious materials you have collected And I think the whole is calculated to make a deep, and indeed awful impression of the evils involved in the continuance of the sad practices which you so vividly describe "—*Dr. Olinthus Gregory, Woolwich.*

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